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### TRIFLES.

BY S. E. TEMPLE.

Oh, dare not call them trifles
Unworthy of regard;
Do not despise the pebbles
That travelers' steps retard.
The lofty mount, the tow'ring rock,
The frowning precipice,
Cause not so many tired feet,
Make no delay like these.

Did rocks rise boldly in our path,
Deep chasms stretch before,
We'd scale the one, the other cross,
And reach green fields once more.
But walking, every moment,
Exposed to sudden pain,
From thorns or pebbles deftly hid,
We arm ourselves in vain.

What wonder that the heart grows sick
While wearily, in pain,
We fight our fight with trifles
That but attack again.
When least alarmed, when all unarmed,
When free from danger and fears,
With sudden overpow'ring force
We feel their sharpened spears.

Talk not of heroes' battles then,
Or victors' laurels won,
If only foemen brave have faced,
The conflict's but begun.
But when the trifling trials
Are met with spirits calm,
Silently met and conquered,
Them yield the victor's palm.

# Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[The following is the story so far as published: Hilda Marst, the daughter of Magdalen Marst, a game-keeper's daughter, is adopted by Lady Hutton. She is brought up in ignorance of her true birth. She meets Lord Baynesham, who falls in love with her. He is betrothed to Barbara Earle. Barbara loves him, but, when he asks his freedom she grants it, and refuses to tell Lady Baynesham her reason for so doing. Lord Baynesham proposes to Hilda, and is accepted. Lady Hutton now suddenly dies, leaving Hilda her heir, but telling her nothing of her birth. This brings us to the present chapters.]

## CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

SPRING came, with its blossoms and budding leaves. The wedding was to take place in the pretty country church at Brymar, and a gay party of guests assembled there.

Bertie Carlyon had gladly accepted his old friend's invitation to officiate as best man, for he was longing to see Barbara again. Diffidence or delicacy had prevented him from calling since he knew she was free.

The flowers Hilda loved were blooming on her wedding day, when the words were spoken that made her Claud Baynesham's wife, and no one wished her joy more truly or more kindly than Barbara Earle.

Lord Baynesham took his young wife to Switzerland. He wanted to show her every beautiful place in the world all at once.

Barbara told him laughingly, he must be content with one, and Hilda had chosen Switzerland.

Barbara's words were gayest when the hour of parting came. Barbara's face was the last that smiled as the carriage, containing perhaps the two happiest people in the world, drove away.

Bertie Carlyon stood by Barbara's side, watching with love's keen eyes every change in that noble face. He saw no trace of sorrow there. Barbara did not keep her woes for the world's amusement. She was calm, kind, and serene, thoughtful to Claud, for Hilda, and for Lady Baynesham. It would have required more shrewdness than Bertie possessed to discover any sign of an aching heart in those calm, clear eyes and smiling lips.

"I think they will be happy," she said, as the carriage disappeared. "Some mortals have an enviable lot. I should imagine that Claud has not one cloud in his sky. I, on the contrary, have no sunshine."

"You!" cried Barbara, turning to him quickly; "why, ever since I can remember anything at all, I have heard my cousin cite you as the happiest man he knew."

"I make no complaint," said Bertie; "I have enjoyed my life hitherto as the birds and flowers enjoy theirs, without thought or care. I never woke to realities until I became ambitious of obtaining a certain treasure. Looking within myself, I found I was unworthy of it. He who would win must fight."

"Why cannot you fight?" said Barbara, interested, in spite of her own secret sorrow. "You are too diffident. A man should never mistrust his own powers, if he would have others respect them."

"Miss Earle?" said Bertie, suddenly, "will you make a compact with me?—will you be my friend? A man can do noble deeds if he has a noble woman to influence him. Be my friend, and there is nothing too high or too difficult for me to attempt, if you will aid me. I should value your friendship more than the love of all the world put together."

Bertie was most sublimely unconscious that his words were a declaration of love in themselves; and Barbara smiled as she looked at his handsome, eager face.

"I will be your friend," she said, "if, as you think, I can be useful to you."

"The mouse once helped the lion," said Bertie; "and it is just possible the time may come when Bertie Carlyon, the poor, younger son of an over rich baronet, may be of some assistance to Miss Earle. Remember," he continued, "if the time should ever come that you want a strong arm or a strong heart, my life is at your service."

And Barbara remembered his words.

"Lady Hilda Baynesham will be the belle of the season, I presume," continued Bertie, after a pause of a few minutes. "Poor Captain Massey is wearing the willow to some intent and purpose. I do not think he will ever care to look even at the fairest of belles after this."

"He is a noble, brave man," said Barbara, who had heard from her cousin how well the gallant captain loved Lady Hutton's ward.

"Miss Earle," cried Bertie, "you make me ambitious; I must do something to win from you the same praise. I wonder what I could do that would make you call me a brave, noble man!"

"Many things," replied Barbara. "Lead a forlorn hope. Get into Parliament, and serve your country; do anything that will make your life a blessing to others and to yourself."

"I wish the days of chivalry were back again," cried Bertie. "I would call myself your knight, and beg for your glove to wear upon my shield."

"Chivalry is not dead," said Miss Earle; "it will live as long as Englishmen last; there is more hidden under the half-indifferent, half nonchalant manner of the men of the present generation, than many people would believe."

"When shall you leave Brymar?" asked Bertie suddenly.

"Lady Baynesham spoke of returning to-morrow," she replied. "We shall have much to arrange before the return of our bride and bridegroom."

"May I call upon you, sometimes?" asked Bertie, humbly.

"Certainly," replied Miss Earle. "Call when you will; have I not promised to be your friend?"

With those words ringing in his ears, Bertie Carlyon returned to London. To use his own expression, they "made a man of him," for they gave hope and vigor to his life.

## CHAPTER XV.

AT times, in the midst of his happiness, Lord Baynesham paused to wonder why he was so favored—why Heaven and earth seemed to have poured their choicest gifts upon him. He was completely and thoroughly happy; there was not even the shadow of a cloud in his sky.

Lord Baynesham brought his beautiful young bride back to London. The house belonging to Lady Hutton had been sold.

The Countess Dowager of Baynesham and Miss Earle accepted Claud's invitation to pass what remained of the season with him in Grosvenor Square.

Nothing annoyed the still brilliant mother of the young earl more than the title of "Dowager." Half in deference to her prejudice the fair wife who had taken her place was known as "Lady Hilda."

During her son's absence Lady Baynesham had arranged all her plans. She intended to reside at Listoff, a small estate that her husband, the late earl, had settled upon her, and Barbara had no thought of leaving her aunt.

"I cannot hope to keep you long with me," said Lady Baynesham to her niece. "You are sure to marry soon."

Miss Earle smiled, and made no reply. Protestations were not much in her line; but she knew many years must elapse ere she could forget that lesson which it had taken her a lifetime to learn. Yet even as she sighed there came to her the memory of Bertie's handsome eager face, telling its own tale of love and devotion.

* * * * *

The fair and lovely young bride created a marvellous sensation. As Miss Hutton, a simple beautiful girl, shy and retiring, she had been greatly admired; as Lady Baynesham, a wealthy heiress, wedded to one of the noblest peers in England, she was irresistible. She had lost that half timid expression that had amused the Arabians of the great world. Lady Hilda was as sweet and gracious as she had ever been, but there was with her a quiet easy dignity that suited her well.

Barbara privately believed that in the solitude of the Swiss mountains Claud had given his wife some lessons in worldly training. Whatever had effected the change it was for the better; even Lady Baynesham, proud and difficult to please, was charmed by the graceful ease and dignity of her son's wife.

"She has not Barbara's thorough-bred, patrician manner," said that lady to herself; "but it might have been worse."

The tide of popularity rose high in Lady Hilda's favor. Had not her every thought been absorbed in her husband, her little head must have been turned by the homage and flattery offered to her; for no house in London was so popular as Lord Baynesham's. His wife's lovely face and superb voice, Barbara's keen intellect and bright wit, and Lady Baynesham's serene and charming manner, were all sources of attraction. Thus the time passed rapidly, like a dream of Fairyland.

"Claud," said Barbara, one morning as she stood by her cousin's side watching Hilda carefully arranging some roses, "supposing life to be a hill, you have attained its summit; what are you going to do now? —sit down and rest?"

"No," he replied, with a bright hopeful smile, "I must help others up also. Why should I rest, Barbara? I have done no work yet."

"I do not think either love or pleasure can ever fill a man's life," said Barbara; "he must have something of deeper interest still."

"I shall find it in politics," said Lord Baynesham; "we have had some brave warriors in our family, but not many statesmen. I shall make statesmanship my aim. Look out for my maiden speech next session, Barbara."

"Are you serious?" asked his cousin.

"I was never more so," replied Lord Baynesham. "I think at times, and some months since I arrived at the conclusion, that I was bound to do something for a world which has been kind to me. I shall become a model landlord. I intend to make model estates of Baynesham and Brymar. In politics I have strong opinions and ideas of my own, and I hope to make use of them for the good of others. Never fear that I shall sink into a mere carpet knight, Barbara. Happiness does not enervate, it elevates me."

He looked so handsome and so triumphant as he spoke, that Miss Earle gazed at him half in wonder, half in admiration.

"There," he said, with a light laugh, "my career is disposed of; what about yours, Barbara? No destiny is fair or bright enough for you."

"I have my own ideas," said Barbara, evasively; "it is time I answered those notes. How many balls have we for to-night?—two! It is dissipation of the deepest dye; I shall not want to dance again for three or four years. How pleased and proud you must be, Claud. Hilda is the belle, go where we may. She grows more beautiful and charming every day."

Frank, fearless, Barbara, above all little mean jealousy or envy, was far more proud than Hilda herself of the admiration she excited.

"I have asked my mother to return with us to Baynesham," said Claud. "Hilda would be sure to feel nervous with a large party of guests, just at first. Is there any need for the ceremony of asking you to join us, Barbara?"

"Not much," she replied with a smile. "Who goes to Baynesham?"

"I have asked Bertie," he replied; "he has taken to politics. Only imagine, Barbara—two years ago he was the most careless, easy-going man it was possible to meet—now he has taken a kind of fever. He is secretary in some Government office, and if he does get into Parliament I predict that he will make a sensation."

Barbara's face flushed deeply, she hardly knew why.

"Continue your list, Claud," she said, hastily.

"My mother has asked Lady Grahame; you know her pretty well, I suppose—fat, fair, happy and forty, with a good jointure and possessing what she calls the great advantage of belonging to some of the best families in England. She is popularly supposed to be on the look-out for a successor to the late lamented Sir Wilton Grahame."

"Let us hope that she may find one," said Barbara.

"Then we have a rival beauty of Miss Deveney; the number of Graces must be complete, you know."

"What a wretched compliment!" said Miss Earle, quietly. "You have not studied the art of saying pretty things."

"It is difficult to satisfy you. We have my old friend, Sir Harry Higham, and one or two more eligibles. You will find the party quite large enough, Barbara."

And so Miss Earle discovered, for great as were the resources of Baynesham Castle, they were stretched to the utmost. Every spare room had an occupant, and it was long since so gay and brilliant a crowd had assembled in those old walls.

Lord Baynesham was not quite sure whether his wife would feel quite at home in the gay crowd he brought round her. Had he consulted his own wishes he would have taken her to Baynesham alone, but he had two good reasons for inviting so many guests. One was, that his mother declared it must be done; another was, that he saw quite plainly that the haughty dowager did not yet love her daughter-in-law. He hoped that the pleasant duty of entertaining their guests would bring both ladies together, and lessen the distance and coldness existing between them.

Lady Baynesham tried hard, but she could not forgive the fair young wife who had usurped Barbara's place. She misjudged her, misunderstood her. She was never unkind to Hilda, but she treated her with a cool, stately reserve, distressing to the gentle girl who had been so fondly loved by Lady Hutton.

"I must win her love," said Hilda; "I must be like a real daughter to her."

It sounded very well in theory; but to put it into practice was very difficult. Lady Baynesham had a quiet way of waiving her gentle attentions. Do what she would, the young girl could find no place in that proud heart. She was not admitted into Lady Baynesham's dressing room, that little sanctum where Barbara passed such long hours. Still her sweet patience never tired. Claud never heard one word from his wife except in praise of his mother.

"It will all come in time," thought the young girl.

With a natural ease and dignity, all her

own, she fell at once into her place as queen of that brilliant throng. Everyone was charmed with the beautiful young hostess, so thoughtful of each one's comfort and amusement.

There was plenty of society at Bayneham; the neighborhood abounded in what the countess called, with great emphasis, "really good families;" and the really good families hastened, one and all, to attend the court of the young queen who had come to reign over them.

There were times when the countess herself could not help being charmed by the winning grace and pure loveliness of her son's wife.

"I have quite come to the conclusion, Barbara," she said one day to her niece, "that Hilda was a relative of Lady Hutton's—perhaps the daughter of some poor cousin. One can tell she belongs to a good family. I never saw anyone more thoroughly ladylike or better bred."

Miss Earle agreed with her aunt; she was pleased, too, at seeing how thoroughly Bertie admired his friend's wife.

To Hilda herself life seemed like one long, beautiful dream. She was but a fair, loving, gentle child. She had been nursed in love; she only knew care and sorrow by name. The one single grief of her life was softened by the healing hand of Time. The flowers that bloomed brightly beneath the summer sun were not more fair; the birds that sung were not happier than she was. She liked to be alone at times, and think of it—to dream over again every event of her short, happy life.

One morning, the first time for many days,—she found herself free, and without any duty that required attention. Most of her guests had driven over to Laleham Priory, and she had not been able to join them. Lady Grahame, who also declined the ride was in close consultation with her maid, and Sir Harry Higham had remained at home, to write letters.

Out in the garden the sun was shining brightly; the flowers were at the heighth of their beauty. The large branches of the tall trees waved as though inviting Hilda to enjoy the shade beneath them. It was all pleasant and fair. She hastily threw a large shawl over her pretty morning dress, and placed a coquettish little hat over the bright golden hair, and went through the gardens. The gate that led to the park was open, so she passed through it and down the broad, shady path that led to the lodge.

The lodge was a pretty cottage, picturesque enough in its rich dress of green creepers with their purple flowers.

Lady Hilda stopped to speak to one of the children playing near the gate; then, without any definite purpose, looked down the high road that led to the town of Oulston.

Suddenly her startled glance fell upon the figure of a woman who was seated upon the moss-covered stone near the gate, a woman poorly dressed, but with something strange in her attitude. She had been looking eagerly down the broad path, when the first glimmer of the white dress shone through the trees. She asked one of the children:

"Who is that lady over there with the white dress and golden hair?"

"That," said the child, "is the young Lady Bayneham, my lord's wife."

Then, not being particularly clean or presentable, the boy ran off, where her ladyship could not see him.

The woman seated herself upon the flat, moss covered stone; a strange look, as of deep quiet, came over her face; her eyes seemed to drink in every movement of that tall, slender, white-robed figure.

But Lady Hilda never saw her until she looked out of the park gates into the high road. Then she noted with wonder the careworn, beautiful face, the tired look of the large violet eyes, and the drooping despondency of the whole figure. As she drew near the woman rose, when something in her face caused Lady Bayneham to stop and look kindly at her.

"My lady," said the woman, her eyes still fixed on the lovely young face, "pray forgive me. I have been away from England many years. It is so long since I saw an English flower. Will you give me one of those that grow there?"

With the sweetness that never failed her, Hilda gathered a beautiful rose, and held it out to the woman.

"You look tired," she said, in her kind, musical voice. "Have you traveled very far?"

"Yes, many miles," she replied, taking the flower from the thin white hand.

"Can I offer you anything else?" said Lady Bayneham, gently, half drawing out her purse as she spoke.

"No, my lady," cried the strange woman. "I had a longing to hold an English flower in my hands again, and I thank you very much."

As though she could not trust herself to speak another word, she turned away, and was soon hidden by the branching trees.

Lady Bayneham looked after her in some surprise.

"What a beautiful, sorrowful face!" she said to herself; "there is a whole story written in it."

## CHAPTER XVI.

"WE must do something in return for all these invitations, Hilda," said Lord Bayneham. "It is more than three months since we returned, and although we have had what one may call parties every day, it is time we did more. What do you propose?"

"A ball," she replied, her fair young face glowing with delight at the thought. "And, Claud, ask Barbara to come down to it. I am sure she will be pleased."

"We shall soon have Christmas here, and my mother promised to spend it at Bayneham," said Claud. "Suppose we wait until then, and give a ball that all the county will remember. Bertie promised us a week. What do you say?"

"It will be best," she replied, more sedately; for though longing to see Barbara, and enjoy a ball, Hilda looked forward with more awe than delight to the visit of her stately mother in law.

Hilda had almost forgotten the little incident that happened in the summer. Once or twice she thought, with a wonder and admiration, of that beautiful, sad face, so worn and pale, and then in her heart she felt thankful that those mysterious trials and troubles which wreck other lives had not shadowed hers.

There was but one thing wanting to make her happy,—that was the love of Lady Bayneham. If Claud's mother would give her but one-half the warm affection she lavished upon her son or Barbara Earle, Hilda would be quite content.

Time passed so happily, that the days seemed one bright, long dream. Christmas was drawing near, and great were the preparations for the coming festivities.

The Oulston *Gazette* informed the public that Christmas would bring a party of illustrious guests to the Castle, and went on in a state of wild rapture to describe the galeties expected. Amongst those most celebrated, Albert Carlyon, Esq., whose recent work on the political state of England had created a *furore*, was named as "one of our leading writers."

King Winter did not appear in his usual garb; there was no snow or frost when Christmas came, but contrary to all natural laws, the weather was mild and warm. There was an attempt at rain, a feeble gleam of sunshine, but none of what English people call "seasonable cold."

Notwithstanding the absence of snow and frost, there was no lack of holly and mistletoe in the Castle. It was many long years since Christmas had been kept in such royal state at Bayneham, nor was there any lack of gaiety among the guests assembled there.

It would have been difficult to decide who was most popular,—the graceful lovely hostess, whose smiles had a magical charm—whose elegant, winning manner made everyone feel at home and at ease, or Barbara Earle, with her stately figure and noble, soul-lit face, her eloquent words and grand thoughts.

There could be little out-door amusements, except shooting and hunting for the gentlemen, but no one could be dull or want amusement where Hilda and Barbara presided.

Bertie was a host in himself and the evenings at Bayneham Castle were found too short instead of too long.

One night was given to charades—Bertie was stage manager, and thoroughly well did he accomplish his task. He had what he called "magnificent materials," and he knew how to use them.

"I have a grand idea," said Bertie one morning to Lord Bayneham; "they spoke of having some *tableaux vivants* to-night. I consider that we have amongst us the most perfect types of beauty. We could manage a beautiful picture—"The Gifts of the Golden Apple." You may be Paris; Miss Earle would make a magnificent Minerva, Miss Deverney a perfect Juno, and Lady Hilda could represent 'the golden-haired Aphrodite' as few others could. What do you think, Claud?"

"Let us have a rehearsal at once," replied Lord Bayneham, charmed with the idea, "if the ladies are willing."

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When the curtain was drawn up it was acknowledged by all that Bertie's idea was a brilliant success. It would have been difficult to have found three women more beautiful, or differing more decidedly in their style of beauty.

Miss Deverney—tall and majestic, with a figure and carriage full of dignity, a face of the purest Grecian type, straight brows and dark hair—was Juno, in all her majestic beauty. Bertie declared the wonderful tissue of her robe must have been "woven of moonbeams." Barbara Earle's calm serenity of eye and brow, the expression so full of intellect and feeling, fitted her well for the part of Minerva, the wise, beautiful, serene daughter of the gods. Between them stood Aphrodite, a fair, lovely face, bright as a morning sunbeam, a profusion of golden hair falling over the white shining robe.

Lady Bayneham had refused the part of Paris, so Bertie took it, and he stood before the beautiful Aphrodite, just offering to her the golden apple he held in his hands.

It was a beautiful picture, so perfect in its details that there was a universal demand for a second opportunity of seeing it.

Bertie had enjoyed the rehearsals, for he made an invariable rule, the moment they were finished, of offering the apple to Barbara, telling her he was a second Paris, with far better judgment than his predecessor.

There were many guests at that brilliant evening festival, who never forgot Lady Hilda as she stood between her fair rivals, who remembered the bright loveliness of the face, the roseate blush of beauty and triumph, the light in the violet eyes, and the sheen of the golden hair, long after the cloud of sorrow and suffering had dimmed the beauty then so radiant.

There was another tableau that evening, as much admired as Bertie's—"The Farewell before the Battle." A knight, belted and spurred, ready for the fray, had just taken farewell of his young wife. He turns once more to look at her, and she returns his gaze.

The beauty of the picture lay in the expression of both faces—the stern beauty of the knight, looking his last upon his wife, her wistful, sad face, trying vainly to smile a last adieu, while the lips were pale and the eyes full of tears.

Hilda and Lord Bayneham rendered the idea perfectly; there had been some difficulty in teaching the lady of Bayneham Castle to look sad and tearful.

"I cannot do it," she said, when Bertie for the twentieth time found fault. "I cannot do it. I have never learned to look sad. Tell me what I am to think about?"

"Fancy that Lord Bayneham is going to leave you, and you will never see him again," replied Bertie; "how would you look then?"

"I cannot do that for play," said Hilda, but even the passing thought brought a rapt expression of grief that made a perfect and beautiful picture.

"You must forgive me, Lady Hilda," said Bertie, "that I have been the first to teach you to look sad. I can only hope the look may never be more real than now."

That evening, when Barbara Earle, tired and exhausted, reached her own room, she saw a small packet addressed to her, lying on the toilette table. She broke the seal and found a small box. When that was opened, lying in a soft nest of white velvet, was a most beautiful little golden apple. It was made with a small loop, so that it could be worn at the end of a chain, or suspended to a bracelet; there was a slip of paper, and on it these few words were written:

"Barbara, will you accept this from me in my own character of Bertie Carlyon?"

Miss Earle, fully understanding how much that meant, resolved upon taking time for deliberation before she made any reply.

On the morning following, Bertie was anxiously waiting for her appearance; but Barbara avoided any close conversation with him.

The day after was spent in preparing for the grand ball, which Lord Bayneham declared should excel any given in the county; and its queen was to be his fair young wife.

The evening so anxiously looked for came at last. The whole neighborhood round Bayneham seemed alive with the rolling of carriages. The Castle was one blaze of light and warmth.

The ball was brilliantly and numerously attended. It was something like a dream of Fairyland,—the rich hanginss, the fragrant exotics, the little scented fountains that rippled so musically, the gleaming of jewels, the sweet, soft music, the bright, beautiful faces.

Lord Bayneham felt proud of the ladies of his house. The countess was dressed with more than her usual magnificence. Barbara wore a beautiful costume of green velvet, with rich golden ornaments. Lady Hilda looked more beautiful than he had ever seen her, in some wonderful combination of white satin and costly lace, with the far-famed Bayneham diamonds shining brilliantly in her golden hair and round her white neck.

Hilda was the queen of that brilliant throng, admired and flattered, the homage of great and famous men floating round her—her every word received with smiles, her every wish complied with.

She bore her honors meekly, with sweet, unaffected grace, never forgetting in this, the supreme hour of her triumph, the wants and wishes of others. Her guests declared Lady Hilda was a perfect hostess; no one was forgotten or overlooked.

The great county magnate, the Duke of Laleham, had purposely delayed a journey he meditated, in order to attend the Bayneham ball. He opened it with Lady Hilda, who delighted her stately mother-in-law by the way in which she conversed with one whom the countess held in high esteem. Soon afterwards the Duke, conversing with Lady Bayneham, expressed his great admiration of her son's wife.

It was a brilliant and successful evening, more so to Bertie than to anyone else. He secured two waltzes with Barbara, and probably spent the happiest moments of his life in the conservatory with her.

"Barbara," he said, as they stood watching the lamps that glowed like pale moons among the green plants—"Barbara, do you accept or refuse my little present?"

"The golden apple?" she asked, with a smile; "neither, Mr. Carlyon. I hold it in reserve."

"Is there any hope for me, Barbara?" he said, his handsome face flushed with joy. "I have loved you ever since I knew how to appreciate what is noble and good. Could you ever care for me?"

"It will depend upon yourself," she replied. "When you come to me with some claim to admiration and respect you shall have my answer. I shall say more when you have accomplished some of those great deeds we spoke of."

With that answer Bertie Carlyon was content.

## CHAPTER XVII.

NO one enjoyed the ball at Bayneham more than the stately countess, who rejoiced in seeing all those of brilliancy and note in the county assembled under her son's roof. She listened with exquisite delight to the praises the Duke of Laleham lavished upon his young hostess. As Barbara could never be mistress of that grand old castle, it was well to have some one whose beauty and grace were so universally admired.

When Lord Bayneham joined his mother, asking her to take a walk through the rooms with him, he was surprised and delighted to find that for the first time she spoke with warm affection and admiration of his wife; still more when they came to a quiet little boudoir, where Hilda had sought refuge for a few minutes' repose.

"Tired," she said, in answer to her husband's question,—"just a little, Claud. I am tired with pleasure and happiness; it is all so bright and beautiful."

Lord Bayneham smiled.

To Hilda's great surprise the countess, who had never embraced her since her wedding day, went up to her, and kissed the fair face, that flushed with joy as she did so.

"You have charmed me this evening, Hilda," said Lady Bayneham, kindly. "I shall begin to believe that you win all hearts."

She passed on, leaving the husband and wife together.

"Claud," said Hilda, "I am too happy. I had but one shadow of trouble,—that was, I feared your mother never would love me. But she does; she will care for me almost as much as she does Barbara."

"A great deal more," replied Lord Bayneham, looking at the fair, loving face.

"Then I have nothing else to wish for," said Hilda, with a sigh of unutterable content.

"I cannot stay with you, Hilda," said the young earl. "Rest for a few minutes, then I will fetch you."

She smiled as he looked at her; and many years passed before Claud Bayneham saw the same expression of happiness on her beautiful face.

In the far distance Hilda heard the sound of the music, broken every now and then by the wailing of the wind, that beat the trees, and mourned with the cry of a lost soul round the castle walls.

She was a very fair picture, seated in the dim, mellow light of the little boudoir, the firelight gleaming in her costly jewels, and throwing a half halo round her golden head. The remembrance of Lady Bayneham's words were sweet to her. Young, beautiful and loved, she had not one sorrow or care.

She might have laughed at the dismal wail of the winter wind. It was chanting some sorrowful dirge of grief and want, woe and death, what had such to do with the beautiful, brilliant lady, who listened, with a smile on her lips, thinking how perfectly happy she was? Then, remembering she had promised Bertie Carlyon the last dance before supper, Lady Hilda rose to return to the ball room.

"I was just coming for you," said Lord Bayneham, drawing his wife's arm in his; "Greyson has been here in search of you. He wants to speak to you; it is something about the arrangements, I will send him to you."

Greyson was the butler, who had served Lord Bayneham's father, and was consequently looked upon as a valuable and confidential servant. He approached Lady Hilda, looking carefully around to see if anyone could hear what he had to say. His young mistress stood near a large recess; it was half divided from the ball-room by a thick crimson curtain.

"My lady," he said, producing a small, folded paper, "I have been asked to give you this, without letting anyone see or hear of it."

Lady Hilda hastily opened the note. It was almost illegible, as though the hand that wrote it had trembled and shook.

"Lady Hilda Bayneham," it began, "the doctor tells me I am dying. I have been dying for two days past—but I cannot leave this world until I have seen you. I shall have no answer to the questions I must be asked until I see and speak to you. It is from the threshold of eternity I summon you. Do not delay; and as you value the love and happiness around you, do not say one word of this. I am lying at the little cottage near the Firs."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# My Lovers.

BY AMY RINGGOLD.

I AM a spinster of—well I won't bore you with particulars, but I am turned of twenty-five, and I have just returned from the wedding of a girl of sixteen! I have borne weddings of eighteen and twenty with an exemplary patience that Job might have envied; but when it comes to sixteen—I leave it to any one if it is not enough to exasperate a seraph.

Not that twenty-five and upward (I have no intention of denying my age, whatever my nieces may say), not that twenty five and upwards is old, but sixteen is so absurdly young! Why, even I can remember seeing the impertinent little chit in corals and long clothes (to be sure I must have been in pantalettes and pinafores myself) and there she was in a vail and orange blossoms, actually looking as self possessed as if getting married were quite an every day affair, and "of no sort of consequence!" The brazen-faced little hussy! In my day—ahem! I would say a few years ago—a girl of that age would have been studying grammar, in a chintz frock and silk apron, with the vail and orange blossoms floating like a dim white cloud in some far-off vista of the imaginary future; but mothers were not mere chaperons then, and fathers were somethingmore than muck rakes.

One thing I am resolved on—my daughters shall know how to blush! I stared her full in the face, but her color never deepened by the shadow of a shade! She only tossed up her silly little head, as much as to say, "Don't you wish you could?" As if such a bridegroom would be any temptation! As I'm a living girl, I don t believe he was twenty! What could his mother have been thinking of?

Bless me, what a farce that beautiful marriage service is become: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." I wonder what it was he gave away in such a wholesale fashion? The snowy shirt with its delicate embroidery was mamma's work; Ball & Black have a claim on the diamond studs and sleeve buttons, the faultless coat and vest and inexpressibles belong to his tailor, and the dainty boots to his shoemaker; so there is nothing left for little miss but the shadowy moustache, that curls like a reminiscence of cigar smoke round the corners of his rosy little mouth, and, if that is worth anything, the barber has the best right to it. Oh! the men, or rather the boys, that girls will marry!

As if any one could not marry at sixteen, if they would accept the first popinjay that offered himself. When I was sixteen I had plenty of lovers to spare, and I didn't make a business of entangling them either.

But I must tell you all about my lovers, if only I knew where to begin. There was little Willie Thill, my first boy lover at the village school. How we used to hunt together for the first wild violets, and build bridges over the brook, and play hide and-seek among the hay cocks, and walk home hand in hand in "the gloaming" drawing very near together as we passed the strip of woodland—not so much from fear of the fairies, and hobgoblins, with which it was supposed to be infested, as because our mutual sense of protection and reliance was so very pleasant. Dear Willie, he would have fought all Brobdignag for me and I would have suffered martyrdom for him. Willie always brought me the ripest peaches, the rosiest apples, and the sweetest nuts, and Willie's sled was always brought at my service on the coasting ground. I was very proud of him—of his slight, agile form, of his broad brow, and hazel eyes, and curling hair—and of the treasure of his boyish love. But Willie died of scarlet fever, and my heart went into mourning for a year and a day—there's a stray weed there yet, sacred to Willie. I tended the willow beside the little grave, and planted violets and daisies on it, and Willie's mother was my dearest friend—until she followed him.

I wonder if they are waiting for me in the better land. Sometimes I hope so—for in the still night watches, when the moon has gone down, and the stars shine out with such a chastened lustre, holier I think than at any other time, as if the moon's superior glory had been a sort of refiner's fire to them—then all this wealth of childish love rolls back upon me like a flood—and the years of weariness, and loneliness, and disappointment, are as if they had never been. It is true, after all, "those whom God hath joined together man can not put asunder," even though one is in Paradise and the other on earth.

Next came Frank Somers, the son of old Squire Somers, whose farm joined my grandfather's—as bonny a farmer lad as one could wish to see. I am afraid he was what I should call awkward, and shock headed, nowadays—but never mind, there was more real manliness in his stout form, brown, open face, and merry blue eye, than in a whole army of moustaches. But I was sent away to boarding school, and when I came back the old Squire was dead, and Frank "out West;" so there was an end of that romance.

Until the other day, in a railway car, I chanced to sit opposite a family party. There was a tall, pale-looking farmer, a pale, worn woman, two or three noisy, and rather shock-headed boys with a strangely familiar look in their merry faces, and a baby. The whole party was reeking with watermelon juice, and ankle deep in a recent deposit of nutshells. I was studying them a little—as I always do my neighbors in a railway car—and "making out" a little history for them, when up jumped the farmer—laying thereby the foundation of a new stratum of watermelon rinds—and held out his hand to me with an unmistakable air of delighted recognition. I must have looked very much puzzled, for a cloud of disappointment came over his honest face as he dropped his hand and said—

"I must be mistaken! I thought it was Amy R——!"

"And so it is," I answered; "but who are you?"

"Why, don't you remember Frank Somers?" (by this time the horny hand was grasping mine with a force that threatened to demolish it.) Of course I did remember Frank, and of course I must be led across to make friends with the wife and babies, and invited to partake of the watermelon and hear how it had all came about. He bought a big farm out in Michigan, and raised this crop of boys upon it, and brought them "down East" to show them—and were they not noble ones? Yes, they were noble ones—and Frank was a noble fellow—and I was very glad to have met him—but I did not envy the pale mother for all that—and there was my new travel dress ruined with the watermelon. Not the least among our causes for thankfulness are the trials we are spared—against our will.

Next on the list comes Ned the sailor boy, who went off to sea, and who promised to come back a commodore to claim me, and Ned is lying alone there in the Tropic seas with the Southern Cross above him, waiting. And last—but I can't tell that tale to night, for my heart is sad with all these memories. Only if you have an "old maid" among your friends, dear reader, be kind to her for charity's sake, and love her a little, for she is terribly alone.

# Acting a Part.

BY F. B.

I HAD just taken my seat at the tea table with my wife, a rare privilege, and one on which she was smilingly congratulating herself, as she poured out the fragrant cup, when a knock came. I knew that it signified an urgent and immediate demand for my aid in some critical and alarming case.

So it proved, for it was a message to call at the house of the wealthy Colonel Warfield, who had poisoned himself.

It did not take me long to get ready, and I soon reached the street in which stood the mansion of the rich banker. A solitary light was visible from one of the windows of the colonel's chamber, which was on the second floor in front.

The man who had come for me ran across the street through the mud and water, not heeding the drier crossings which I took.

"Hasten, sir. There is not a moment to lose," he cried, throwing open the gate. I was soon at the door, at which was standing, holding it half open, a thin, sharp visaged woman, waiting for us.

"Is it the doctor, James?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes. Heaven be thanked that I found him at home! I went to the nearest. How is he now, Mrs. Lockett?"

"He is just alive doctor," she answered, addressing me, as she held the door open for me to pass. "Up stairs, the first door, left hand. O, it is a dreadful business! I am so relieved that you have come, sir. It would have been suspected we had a hand in it, if he had died and no doctor sent for. O, sir, he was so kind, and so good a Christian, and to do such a thing! This door, doctor, I do hope something can be done to save him."

She thus kept up a garrulous, whining talking to the door of the chamber. Upon entering the richly furnished room, I saw my patient lying upon his curtained bed in a state that, at the first glance, showed me to be death. I turned to the man and woman who were whispering together earnestly by the door, and said:

"He is dead! You came too late!"

"Dead!" they both exclaimed in one voice.

"You should have sent for me earlier," I said. "He must have taken the poison some hours ago."

"We did not find it out until an hour ago," said the woman, wiping her eyes. "Poor man!"

"We shall never have such a master again," said James, covering his face with his hands and sobbing so convulsively that I regarded him with surprise. He seemed to be acting a part and to overact it. He seemed to me to be trying to act grief; and, as in his message at my door, he was overacting his part. The woman also cried exactly like a well dressed housekeeper on the stage. To convince myself I bluntly asked her for her apron to cover the face of the dead. She stared, but gave it to me. As I suspected, it was not even damp, nor was there a tear in the eyes which she raised to my face.

In the meanwhile, I examined the mouth of the corpse, and detected arsenic shining on the edges of the lips. He had evidently taken a very large quantity. Giving some directions, and locking the door and taking the key, I went down stairs, followed by both the man and the woman, who were very talkative, and said a great deal about hoping they should not be suspected. I knew this was suggested by the fears of guilt; for innocence unaccused never defends itself.

The next day the coroner's jury decided that Colonel Warfield came to his death by taking arsenic. I had been summoned before it, as well as James and Mrs. Lockett; but I had given in only the facts with which I had to do professionally, with which my private suspicions had no connection. I simply stated that I had been sent for and how the patient died. The post mortem examination showed a large quantity of arsenic in the stomach. The jury nor coroner seemed to have any suspicion of criminal poisoning. The fact that James had come for me seemed to forestall all suspicion of foul play. And so it would have done from my own mind, into which not an idea of foul play would have entered, but for the unnatural eagerness of the messenger.

The will of Col. Warfield was opened on the day of his funeral. It bequeathed eighty thousand dollars to trustees to erect a hospital for strangers—as if this disposition of his badly acquired wealth could whitewash the handwriting against him on the wall: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." The remainder of his estate, including his richly furnished house, he devised to a church, and to James Seeling and Mrs. Dorothy Lockett he bequeathed each six thousand dollars.

Here then was a motive, I saw at once, for the murder. The two were evidently aware of the nature of the will; and having waited till their patience wearied for his death, they concluded to despatch him to the other world and raise the alarm of suicide.

My opinion of their guilt being now positive, I found myself placed in a very trying position. Duty called on me to give publicity to my suspicions and bring these two persons to punishment; but the fear that I might at last be wrong, and unable to prove the charge of murder against them, kept me silent. I was tortured for many weeks by the conflict. I lost sleep, appetite and health. In the meanwhile, James and Mrs. Lockett had married and removed with their money to a neat house in the suburbs of the city. Their marriage only made me more positive. Finally, I informed my wife that I had resolved to file the charge of murder against them. She was as certain of their guilt as I was; but she trembled lest I should not be able to sustain it, when ruin to my practice would be the consequence—if nothing worse. Her apprehensions caused me to delay it, until at length I could endure it no longer. I began to look upon myself as a partner to the murder by preserving silence. I felt that my mind would suffer unless I relieved it of the weight upon it. One morning, therefore, at daylight, after passing a sleepless night, I rose and dressed myself with more care than I had given to my toilet for many days.

"Jane," I said to my wife, as I took my hat, "I have made up my mind. I am going straight to a magistrate."

"You are right," she said firmly. "You are not yourself since the coroner's inquest. I have no doubt that God will bring the murder out."

These few words strengthened me. I went out and sought a magistrate, and before him solemnly charged James Seeling and Dorothy Lockett with causing the death of Colonel Hugh Warfield by administering arsenic to him! Before night they were both arrested and in jail.

"Suppose I should not be able to prove it," I groaned as I woke in the night and reflected that they were both at that moment in prison by my act. But I prayed for strength and that Heaven would make the truth manifest.

They were brought to trial. Their separate examination clearly showed their guilt; for they agreed in nothing. The bar and bench, as well as the spectators, were as convinced of their guilt as I was, before the trial was half through. The woman, finding that it was useless to plead innocence longer, finally confessed that the arsenic was purchased by herself, but administered by Seeling; and that their object in committing the murder was to obtain sooner the money which they knew he had given to them in his will.

They were both executed on the same gallows. Though I could not but commiserate their wretched end, I felt relieved of a weight that had nearly destroyed my health and peace of mind, and was once more restored to that cheerfulness which ever results from the consciousness of having performed a duty, however painful that duty may have been in its nature. Thus had two persons justly suffered death for a crime, to whom suspicion would never have been directed but for overacting of their part.

The miner works in vein.

# BRIC-A-BRAC.

A RUSSIAN TIT-BIT.—In Russia, a man is considered vulgar who refuses to breakfast on a dish of fried candle-ends.

CHILDLESS COMPOSERS.—It is a fact worthy of note that most great composers have been childless. Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Corelli, Pergolesi, Rossini, Spontini, Auber and Schumann are instances.

THEY NEEDED IT.—In the records of Boston, England, under date of 1578 the following resolution is found: "That a dictionarye shall be bought for the scollers of the free scoole; and the same booke to be tyed in a cheyne, and set upon a deske in the scoole, whereupon any scoller may have accesse, as occasion shall serve."

SMART ELEPHANTS.—The Greek historian Strabo says that the Asiatic elephant in battle tears down battlements with his trunk, and pulls up large trees by its aid, rising on his hind legs. He adds, besides, that they are so easily tamed that they can be taught to throw stones at a target, use various weapons, and sew with a needle.

THE ELEPHANT.—The elephant hunters of Ceylon and India corroborate Sinbad's story that elephants, when they feel the approach of death, retire to a solitary and inaccessible valley, and there die in peace. The superintendent of elephants to the Government of India states that no living man has come across the corpse of a wild elephant that has died a natural death.

HOW TO WIN.—A rich saddler, whose daughter was afterwards married to Dank, the celebrated Earl of Halifax, ordered in his will that she should lose her fortune if she did not marry a saddler. The young Earl of Halifax, in order to win the bride, served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterwards bound himself to the rich saddler's daughter for life.

FEATHER IN THE CAP.—Among the ancient warriors it was customary to honor such of their followers as distinguished themselves in battle, by presenting them with a feather to wear in their caps, which, when not in armor, was the covering of their heads, and no one was permitted that privilege who had not at the least killed his man. From this custom arose the saying, when a person has effected a meritorious action, that it will be a feather in his cap. The custom is perpetuated in the three-feathered crest of the Prince of Wales.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—In 1805 a Scotchman wrote a big book to prove that Napoleon Bonaparte's real name was John Oswald, and that he was born in Edinburg. A man named Oswald was known to have left Scotland and entered the army of the French Republic. He was a man of vast courage and enterprise, possessed of an indomitable will, and was an ardent admirer of Ossian. Napoleon was all this, but the facts concerning him and his family were so well known that the Scotch bookmaker's extravagant theory made but little impression, and was soon forgotten.

TAKING OFF THE SHOES.—In Syria people never take off their caps or turbans when entering a house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. The reason is that the floors are covered with clean mats and rugs, and in the Moslem houses the men kneel on the rugs to pray, and press their foreheads to the floor, so that it would not be decent or respectful to walk in with dirty shoes and soil the sijady on which they kneel to pray. They have no foot mat or scrapers, and it is much cheaper and simpler to leave the shoes, dirt and all, at the door.

A CROOKED CANAL.—A prominent canal in Egypt winds considerably, though no engineering obstacles whatever oppose themselves to a straight course. The reason of this sinuosity was thus explained by a former Viceroy himself: "You ask why my canal is not straight. It is owing to a bit of bigotry. The dog who made it was a true Believer, and something more. He said to me, thou art about to make what Giaours call a canal, and Giaours in their impiety make such things straight. Now a canal is made after the fashion of a river—Allah pardon us for imitating His works!—and all rivers wind; Allah forbid that your canal should be better than His river; it shall wind too." And so it does.

THE JAPANESE.—A Japanese laborer lives in a house of not more than four rooms; one for eating, sleeping and sitting; one for cooking, one for bathing and one to spare. He never wears boots nor brings mud into the house. He and his family sit on the floor when they eat and take their meals at a low table. The floor of their dining and sitting room is covered with clean, soft mats, upon which at night cotton comforters are spread to sleep under. Such a house can be built and furnished for $100 and though cheap and small, is comfortable. The bath, found in almost all laborers' houses, is in daily use. In Japan corpses are always buried with their heads towards the north and feet towards the south. A living Japanese will never sleep in that position. In sleeping rooms of private houses, and of hotels even, a diagram of the cardinal points of the compass is pasted upon the ceiling for the benefit of timid guests.

### DIVIDED.

BY IDLEWIND.

I stand alone 'neath the archway here,
And I look out into the night;
The clouds are thick, and the way is drear,
When I look for the morning light.
But I think of a time, now long since gone,
When you stood here close by me,
And we minded not the hidden moon,
Nor the stars we could not see.

I stand alone 'neath the archway here,
And I look out into the night—
No wrong could ever cause a tear
To fall down in your sight.
Then think not now I am weeping wild
For your broken faith and vow—
I might have wept when I was a child,
But I am grown stronger now.

Then go your way, and I'll go mine;
The world it is weary and wide—
Yet over each spot the sun must shine,
Tho' the stars to-night may hide.
I know that our little play is done:
Those clouds for a curtain fall;
And what matters it if we were one,
And to-night—are not at all?

## "They Say."

BY ALICE L. McALILLY.

GOOD MORNING, ANNIE! I thought I would just run over a moment and see if you had heard the news."

"Dear me! what news?" said little Mrs. Welsh, as she brought a chair for her neighbor, Mrs Johnson. "No one dead, I hope?"

"Ah, not better if there were," sighed Mrs Johnson, with a dismal shake of her head.

"Why so? Do tell me what has happened."

"Well; you know the family that has moved into the White house?"

"Yes. You mean the Bigelows, I suppose?"

"Well, *they* say that their eldest daughter, Minnie, has disgraced herself and the family."

"Dear me! you don't say so! Why Mrs. Bigelow was a schoolmate of mine. I never would have believed such a thing of her daughter. Do tell me—what has she been doing?"

"If I do, you must promise not to breathe one word about my telling you. You know how I hate anything like gossip!"

"Of course; I shall say nothing about it, unless you wish."

Mrs. Johnson settled herself back in her chair, and proceeded to tell her wonderful news.

"My cook went up to Mr. Bigelow's last night to see her cousin, who is chamber maid there, and just as she reached the side porch she heard angry voices, and had barely time to conceal herself behind a shrub, when the door was thrown open, and Mr. Bigelow pushed a young lady and a gentleman out upon the porch, saying as he did so, 'Begone, sir! and never let me set eyes upon your sneaking face again; and, as for you, Minnie, you have disgraced yourself and your family; never enter my doors again!'"

"Mercy me!" gasped Mrs. Welsh. "It is just too dreadful to think of! but what happened next?"

"I don't know; cook was so frightened that she slipped out of the back gate and came home at once. But I must be going, as I have several places to call this morning. Good bye."

And Mrs. Johnson hustled off, leaving Mrs Welsh in a state of intense excitement.

"Dear me!" sighed the poor little woman for the tenth time. "I've a good mind to run up to Mrs. Bigelow's and find out all about it."

The impulse was a good one, and had she followed it, her mind would have been at rest concerning Minnie Bigelow's supposed disgrace.

The news spread like wildfire, and elicited the usual comments of "Just as I expected," and "Didn't I tell you so?" or "I always thought that Minnie Bigelow was rather fast," etc.

People were a little surprised to see Mrs Bigelow and her daughter out driving on Main street in the afternoon, but someone remarked that they "supposed Mr Bigelow had recalled his daughter, to prevent scandal," and as the idea seemed the only clue to the mystery, it was accepted and repeated as the truth. And the discerning public was satisfied that it had discovered one of the Bigelow family secrets.

So the ladies gave Minnie a prolonged stare, the gentlemen politely ignored her and Harry Lee, Minnie's lover, merely lifted his hat when she passed him; and when the wondering mother and daughter reached home a note was awaiting Minnie, releasing her from her engagement.

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed the astonished girl; "what in the world can be the matter?"

But Mrs. Bigelow was as much in the dark concerning the mystery as was her daughter.

They never thought of the servants, whom Mr. Bigelow had discharged the night before, as being any clue to the strange actions of their acquaintances.

A month passed by, and sweet Minnie Bigelow drooped visibly under the constant slights of her friends and the continued silence of her lover, who had left Berrydale the day after having written that strange note. She was a fair, gentle, unselfish girl, and took her grief to heart.

Poor Mrs. Bigelow, puzzled and worried over the change in her daughter, at last persuaded her to accept an invitation to visit a friend, hoping that a change of scene would prove beneficial to the grieving girl.

But when Minnie departed, significant glances, knowing nods and whispered words were exchanged between the busy gossipers of Berrydale.

Minnie arrived at the house of her friend, Lucy Holcomb, in due time, and was gladly received by Lucy herself. After a refreshing cup of tea, the friends strolled out upon the verandah to have a quiet chat over old times.

"By-the-by, Minnie," cried Lucy, after a little silence; "brother Fred has a friend visiting us. Such a handsome fellow! and rich, too, but he is the most forlorn-looking creature! One would think he hadn't a friend in the world. They have gone out fishing this afternoon, but I imagine they will be back before long. Why, what is the matter, Minnie?"

Poor Minnie had burst into tears at the thought of her own grief, but not until after considerable coaxing did she confide to her friend the story of the strange behavior and the uncalled-for desertion of her lover, Harry Lee.

"The worthless scamp!" cried the indignant Lucy; "to treat you so. I wouldn't grieve over him, dear."

"Oh, Lucy, do not talk so. I am sure he had, or thought he had, some good reason for leaving me—and I love him so!"

"But, Minnie, dear!" asked Lucy, after a pause. "Can you not attribute the actions of your friends to some cause? Have you no enemies?"

"I can think of none whatever, and I do not think that papa has one, unless it be some servants that he discharged; but they left town the next day, and I do not see how they could have used any influence against us."

"Tell me all about it, dear, if you do not mind. Why did your father send them away?"

"Well, mamma and I had been spending the day out of town, and papa started down to the railroad depot to meet us in the evening with the pony phaeton, driving the horses himself. Soon after leaving the house, he missed his watch, which he had left together with a bunch of keys upon his study table, and, as he had plenty of time, he returned for them. As he did not have his dead latch key with him, and did not care to ring, he went around to the side door, which opens into the dining room. What was his surprise to find John Smith, our coachman, and Minnie Strong our cook, just putting the last piece of mamma's plate into a large basket! They had found the keys, unlocked the safe, and knowing that the plate would not be missed that night, had taken the opportunity of securing it, while papa was away. We think they must have had accomplices, and that poor Minnie was bribed. Papa did not report on them, but he turned them out of doors and sent their boxes to them the next day."

"What did you say the cook's first name was?"

"Minnie,—the same as mine—strange, isn't it?"

"Not strange, but certainly a coincidence," replied Lucy.

There was a stir among the branches of a large evergreen that grew in front of the verandah, and the next moment Minnie was clasped closely to the broad breast of Harry Lee.

"Say you will forgive me, darling," he passionately whispered, as he held the struggling girl, "and promise to take me back?"

What could the bewildered Minnie do but give her promise? and Harry sealed it with a kiss.

Lucy, able at last to account for the gloom upon the face of her brother's friend, stole quietly away to muse upon the strange turn affairs had taken.

The re-united lovers, too happy to let the shadow of the past mar the delight of the present, renewed their vows and dreamed in blissful content of the near future.

Minnie's visit to her friend was very short, and she returned home to prepare for her wedding.

Wealthy, handsome Harry Lee set his wits at work to discover where the story of Minnie's disgrace originated, and, of course, at length succeeded.

At the wedding reception, when somebody remarked upon the antiquity of the plate, Harry related the story of the servants' intended theft, and added, as he turned around and addressed Mrs. Johnson, apparently by accident:

"And would you believe it, Mrs. Johnson, somebody's servant saw Mr. Bigelow turn the would-be thieves out of doors, and imagined that it was the daughter of Mr. Bigelow who had disgraced herself and was being cast out from her home, and that servant, with the aid of her most worthy mistress, succeeded in getting up and circulating a first class piece of scandal. Strange, isn't it, how much dependence some people place upon what their servants think they see and hear in the dark?"

Mrs. Johnson make no reply, but she felt exceedingly uncomfortable, nor was she the only one there whose troubled conscience had receive a severe lesson.

Sweet Minnie Bigelow had been a bride some time before her husband told her the real cause of his cruel desertion of her, and how nearly the life-happiness of two young hearts, has been wrecked upon the strength of what "They said."

## The Old and New.

BY ALLEN MERRITT.

IN two years, Alice I am coming back with my fortune made, to claim you."

These had been John Maxwell's last words; and there had been a fire in his eye, and certain lines of determination about his mouth, which argued that he would make them good.

But the two years had passed, and for the last six months Alice Tower had heard nothing.

Sitting under the trees one warm May afternoon, she idly wondered whether his silence gave her pain or pleasure.

It was all a bewildering mass in the little head under the masses of rich brown hair, with just a glint of red among them as the sun gave them a farewell kiss.

But a brighter red stole into the rounded cheek as a well-known step drew nearer, and a shadow for which the trees were not responsible was thrown beside hers.

"Good evening, Miss Alice," said a cheery voice. "I thought that I should find you here. The evening is too lovely for in-door life."

"Yes," she answered; "it is indeed very lovely."

"As it should be," he added, in lower, more impressive tones, "to grace your presence. Alice," he continued, throwing himself on the ground beside her, "shall I tell you why I am so glad to find you here? Because it seems to me the most fitting place to tell you something else, which, though you must already know, it is fit that I should put into words. They are poor words, darling. I am not versed in eloquence; and even were I, here eloquence might stammer. But they are words as old as the world itself—'I love you.' Alice, what is your answer? Will you be my wife?

Ah, it had come at last! Once the girl had tried to check the torrent of his words. He had but caught the little, detaining hand in his own strong palm and held it tightly. The small head had dropped lower. Two years ago she had given another promise; two years of toil and homesickness had been endured for her sake: but for six months she heard nothing. Perhaps John had forgotten her—as—ah, as she had almost added, "as she had forgotten him."

But of John Dent Dexter knew nothing, and Dent Dexter she loved.

So it was, that when, half wondering at her long silence, he again repeated his question, she simply raised to him the fair face, and content with what he read there, he stooped and pressed his first kiss on the young red lips.

Somebody had said it was bad luck for a bride to done her wedding-dress before the wedding-day.

It was all nonsense, Alice thought, as, some six weeks later, she stood before her mirror and saw reflected there her own form clad in its own white-silken robes.

In all these weeks she had told Dent nothing of John. Somehow she could not gather courage to frame the words. And John had forgotten her. He would never know.

Poor John! She wished she had not thought of him, as she stood in her wedding-dress. The air was very heavy to-night. It was this which oppressed her so.

"Come in," she called, to the knock at the door.

The little maid entered.

"Oh, Miss Alice! law, miss, how beautiful you do look! The gentleman is downstairs, and wants to see you immediate, miss."

The gentleman! Of course she meant Dent. She had a great mind to run down just as she was, to hear if he would echo the little maid's verdict, and say that he, too, thought her beautiful.

The impulse of vanity was not to be resisted, and gathering up her silken skirts, she ran lightly down the stairs.

The room was in shadow, the large, old fashioned lamp on the table burning dimly; but sitting in a corner of a sofa she saw a man's form—a man who rose impetuously to his feet as she entered.

With a smile upon her lips and in her eyes, and a bright spot of scarlet on her cheeks, she tripped across the floor and turned the lamp so that its light streamed full upon her, then looked up into Dent's face to see the look of love and admiration gathering there—looked to find it not Dent, but someone who, for a moment, seemed a stranger—someone whose face was bronzed and bearded, but with a strange pallor gathering on it as he looked in vain for the words of love and recognition which did not come. It was John come to claim her. His voice was hoarse when he spoke.

"I came for my bride," he said. "Is she here? Is this dress for me?"

"Have pity" she wailed, in answer. "Two years were such a long while. For six months I had not heard. I thought you were dead, or had forgotten me——"

"Men do not forget," he answered. "We leave that to the women who undo us. Six months! And it seemed to you a long time to wait. Child, do you know what I have endured for the reward of this moment? What was hunger, toil, privation, homesickness to me? I am as the man who toiled all his life in search of a glittering diamond, and when at length he picked it up triumphant, discovered it to be a piece of shining glass."

"John, John! forgive me!" she pleaded, clinging with both hands to his arm, her face upturned in its pale beauty to his. "I loved you then."

Through the open window stole her words, paralysing the form of an unseen listener, who had that moment appeared upon the scene. What did it mean?

He heard not the man's answering words—"Forgive you? Never!"—but saw only his last, mad, passionate embrace as he snatched her unresisting form in his arms, and covered her face with kisses, which seemed half hatred and half love; then released her, and went out into the night.

The next day a little note was put into John Maxwell's hand; and, as he tore it open, the strong man trembled like a child.

He had grown calmer since the night previous, though all the joy and lightness had died out of his life.

"You have had your revenge," she wrote. "The man I was to marry saw you take me into your arms, and heard me say that I had loved you. Perhaps I deserved my punishment, but it is very bitter. You left me two years. If you had loved me you would not have done so. I was a child, and forgot you and learned to love another. I no longer ask you to forgive, since you have wreaked upon me your revenge."

His own life stretched bare, and black and desolate before him. For a moment he felt a wild joy that so here might prove. The next, after a brief struggle, his manhood conquered.

His revenge should be something nobler than a girl's wrecked life—something which, after long and lonely years, he might recall without a blush of shame.

Dent Dexter was alone in the cottage he had prepared for his bride, sitting with bowed head, when John Maxwell sought him out. The interview between them was very brief, but as they parted their hands were in a long, silent clasp. One man had given happiness—one had renounced it. So the wedding-day was not prospoued. She knew that Dent had taken her back to his heart and home, that somehow all had been explained to him; but quite how it all happened she never knew until, a year later, her husband bent over where she lay with her baby boy sleeping on her breast, and told her all the story, ending, with a proud glance at the child, "He gave us our happiness, darling. We will name our boy after the man who wreaked such a noble revenge."

**How Postage Stamps are Made.**—In printing, steel plates are used, on which two hundred stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with colored inks, and passing them to a man and girl, who are equally busy at printing them with large rolling hand presses. After the small sheets of paper upon which the two hundred stamps are engraved have dried enough, they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes, and other vegetables, mixed with water. This paper is of a peculiar texture, somewhat similar to that used for bank notes. After having been again dried, this time on little racks which are turned by steam power for about an hour, they are put in between sheets of paste board and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of two thousand tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in half; each sheet, of course, when cut, contains a hundred stamps. This is done by a girl, with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many stamps. They are then passed to other squads, who in as many operations, perforate the paper between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled, preparatory to being put in mail bags for despatching to fulfill orders. If a single stamp is torn, or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred stamps is burned. Five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause. During the process of manufacturing, the sheets are counted eleven times.

Longfellow designs are now affected by the Boston people in decorative objects. Longfellow jugs, Longfellow pitchers and Longfellow cards are seen in many of the shop windows.

### NOT YET

BY WILLIAM M. REGGS.

Leave me not yet: the silver light
  Of the young moon is in the sky,
And the faint footsteps of the night,
  Dew-fed and loved of thee, draw nigh!
Low in the west still dimly burns
  The saffron glow, where day hath set,
And, wearied, all my spirit yearns
  Towards thee, sweet Love! Nay—go not yet!

Leave me not, dearest! I can fill
  With measured tasks the long bright day,
And strive to check, tho' baffled still,
  The dreams that ebb my life away!
But when the shadows eastward tend
  Thro' all the weary afternoon,
Then o'er me, oh my loved one, bend
  And whisper, "Have I come too soon?"

Too soon—too soon! Nay, all my day
  Is only waiting, Love, for thee;
What moments come, or go, or stay,
  Are naught, if thou art here with me:
I know no other life than thine—
  No hope, no joy, no fond regret;
All that thou hast and art combine
  To hold me thus: Nay—go not yet!

Since first thy spirit crossed my track
  I know not if I live or die;
For drifting, like the fleecy rack
  Of sailing clouds, I seem to lie;
Alike to me is life or death—
  No more I feel its joy or pain;
My pulse, my heart, my very breath
  Is thine to give or take again!

Leave me not yet: my wilful words
  Still wake the light that fills thine eyes;
That light, so pure, so deep—that chords
  With music, song, and sunset skies!
Then linger long—oh, linger still—
  Are the brief dream of love be set:
And fill, oh, loved one—loved one! fill
  My soul with thee: nay, go not yet!

# THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

[John, Edward, and Elizabeth Berrington are brothers and sister. The latter is secretly married to a clerk named Harcourt, in John's employ, but lives with Edward. She is a cunning, deceitful woman. Her brother Edward is married to Clara Bouchier, whose father, Alwyn Bouchier, was owner of Wraycourt, which estate Edward purchases. Elizabeth hates her, and leads her brother to believe his wife is false to him. In his mad jealousy he brings about the death of Sir Ernest Alston. He thus falls into the clutches of Lynx, a detective, who is alone aware of his guilt. Frank and Lucy Beacham are the young children of Mr. Beacham, a gentleman of Wraycourt. Tom Briarly is the son of the deceased land-steward of Wraycourt, and secretly in love with the youthful Lucy Beacham. Tom gets a position with his uncle, a rich lawyer named Quarl, in London. After Mrs Beacham's death Frank goes to the same city as amanuensis to Dr. Slop, a somewhat singular character. Lucy is taken charge of by her mother's maiden sister, Miss Creech, of Hornsey. Frank in London falls in with Lorenzo Wildbird, an actor. In order to increase his pocket-money, which is very limited, the latter gets Frank engaged at the theatre. Here he saves a ballet-girl, named Lizzie Noel, from death by fire, and falls in love with her without knowing it. Shortly after, he meets Tom Briarly while defending Lizzie from a ruffian who calls himself the Hon. Bernard Scott. Subsequently Tom engages office-work for Frank with his uncle, Mr. Quarl, the lawyer. This brings us to the present chapter.]

### CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED)

BRIARLY'S first impulse was to shake his uncle fervently by the hand. The next to snatch up his hat and hasten after his friend to tell him the glorious news.

"To-morrow will do for that," observed the old man, interpreting his intention. "Especially," he added, with one of his rare smiles, "as I can spare you the entire day."

This was the speaker's peculiar manner of conferring a favor. A prince, in his nephew's opinion, could not have done it more graciously.

And a happy day it proved to both the youths.

Frank had nearly dressed before the messenger of good fortune arrived joyously at his lodgings, his heart full of impatience to impart the news.

"No more theatre work! no more privations!" he exclaimed. "I told you I would get you out of it, and have succeeded. My uncle will employ you."

"Mr Quarl!"

"More than you expected, eh?"

"It is, indeed."

"More than I did myself when I asked him," observed Tom. "Never more deceived in my life. He had a hard husk, but sound as a kernel. I told him you was not afraid of work, and he says you shall have as much as you please. So I came to tell you; to ask you for some breakfast, for I could not wait; to pass the day with you. But first," he added, "let us divide these."

He placed the five sovereigns he had brought with him from Wraycourt upon the table.

"Thank you for your true friendship," said Frank; "it has saved me from the bitter humiliation of a false position. But I must not accept your money."

"Not! Then I'll return to Lincoln's Inn Fields," replied his visitor bluntly.

"I ought not. You have a mother, Tom."

"Thank God!" ejaculated her son; "and I have a brother."

"She is not rich and——"

"Who told you she is not rich?" interrupted his friend, "Mustn't judge by appearances. I never will again," he added emphatically, and his eyes filled with tears of gratitude as he made the promise. "Read here, Frank, what the postman put into my hands just as I was leaving home."

It was a letter from Mrs. Briarly, informing her son that his uncle had settled a hundred pounds a year upon her, and forwarded her the first six months' payment in advance.

"Now will you divide, Frank," continued Tom. "I did not suspect you of such pride."

The dispute ended amicably by his carrying his point.

Youth is a glorious thing—the season of first impressions; when they begin to repeat themselves it is a warning that the early spring is past; when they find us indifferent, it is a token that the wheat is ripening; and when they weary, is a sign it is ready for binding into sheaves.

As the two youths had an entire day before them a hundred schemes for passing it were proposed and discussed, but the one they eventually decided on was a visit to Minerva Lodge.

They would commence with that, and then——

"Better leave the then to accident," observed Frank: "but mind, I must be back in time to see Lucy from the theatre."

Tom Briarly looked his friend very steadily in the face.

"I have promised," added the youth; "her father is ill. You would not have me break my word?"

"Certainly not," replied his friend. "I wonder," he mentally asked himself, "if he suspects that he is in love with the girl. I was quite as old," he added, "before I discovered the nature of my feelings towards Lucy."

Miss Creech still adhered to her plans for the physical education of her pupil. In summer it was cricket—in winter skating. The rights of women, she argued learnedly, who would never be achieved by accomplishments. Painting, poetry, and music are all very well for domestic slaves—plaything, but more secondary considerations to one who aspired to the equal of man, the partner of his toils and triumphs.

The eccentric lady, and a tall thin bilious looking foreigner in spectacles, whose canary-colored beard and light mealy hair betrayed a Teutonic origin, stood watching Lucy taking her morning exercise upon the ornamental sheet of water that adorned the grounds of Minerva Lodge. The gentleman was the learned editor and valued contributor to the periodical started by Miss Creech to advocate her peculiar views.

As a matter of course it did not pay. But, as Herr Pishart observed, "No more did de Times at vurst."

"The other side! The other side!" shouted the mistress of the house and grounds, suddenly breaking off the conversation with the dirty-looking foreigner.

The warning came too late; Lucy had recognised her brother and his companion crossing the lawn, and darted to meet them on the wrong side of the bank. There was a crash, followed by a scream—the poor girl had disappeared.

In an instant Frank and his friend were upon the ice, stamping and breaking it in all directions as the only means of rescuing her. Both were excellent swimmers, and dived several times. At last Tom reappeared with the body in his arms.

"Mine Gott! I tink dat she is dede," observed the German philosophically. "You will be very lonely now."

"You are a brute, Pishart," was Miss Creech's rejoinder.

Without wasting a moment to recover breath Tom carried his burden to the house, where with his friend he passed nearly an hour in the most horrible suspense. Neither had courage to speak. At last one of the servants found time to announce that Miss Beacham showed signs of returning animation.

The news assumed a further confirmation by her mistress bursting into the room and kissing Tom frantically, to the intense scandal of her waiting maid Hannah.

"Noble, generous boy!" she cried. "Frank I am proud of you, too. You did your very best."

"Yes, both the young mens' can schwim," said the Herr, "schwim well I can't schwim mineself."

Although all danger to Lucy might be considered past, the position of her preservers was an embarrassing one. Miss Creech had no male domestics, whose clothes she could borrow for them, and there they stood, dripping wet and nearly half frozen.

There was no other help than a collection of shawls and petticoats from the servants, whilst their own clothes were drying.

Of course they required assistance; two youths could not be expected to understand the fixings of such feminine gear. Hannah being far too correct a person to undertake it, Miss Creech heroically superintended their toilet herself.

Forced to remain prisoners, the two friends, relieved of all anxiety on Lucy's account, highly enjoyed the fun of the position. At dinner, the servants, despite the frowns and the severe looks of their mistress, would titter. In the kitchen there was a warm dispute between the housemaids which of the young men looked the best in his feminine attire. Cook gave it in favor of Tom; and the waiting maid, after a great amount of pressing, expressed the same opinion.

Towards evening when restored to their own habiliments, Frank and his friend were permitted to take their farewell of Lucy.

"I owe my life," said the grateful girl, extending her hand to her preserver.

"And is it not worth a kiss, Lucy?" demanded her brother laughingly.

Despite her rigid sense of propriety, the mistress of Minerva Lodge could find nothing to object to in such an easy and simple mode of payment. Possibly she recollected her own feelings of gratitude had found relief in a similar way, and Tom was permitted to receive the reward of his presence of mind and courage.

"Quite right, my dear child," said the old maid. "The case is exceptional. He has earned it."

Our readers we doubt not will endorse the judgment.

"You may call occasionally," added the lady, as they took their leave; "but mind, I must have no nonsense, no love-making at Minerva Lodge."

Tom Briarly blushed to the very eyes.

"Love-making!" exclaimed Frank gaily. "Why, he is only eighteen months older than myself, and Lucy still a child."

"Eighteen months makes a great difference," sagaciously observed Miss Creech, as she watched them from the window.

### CHAPTER XVII.

HOW frequently has it been observed that our evil deeds pursue us. Every crime, no matter how secretly committed, has two avengers: human law ever suspended over us, ever ready to strike; and that divine one which whispers to the conscience both in waking and the sleeping hours, goads the worn memory where remorseful stings tell us there is a loathesome worm polluting the cup of life. Fill it with the wine of success, and the hideous reptile rises in the sparkling bubbles; drain it, in search of oblivion, and it hisses at us from the dregs. There is no escaping the monster till the tears of true repentance fall upon his head. Then it slowly dies, and the heart becomes its sepulchre and monument.

The fear of not reaching Stuttgart in time to close her father's eyes and receive his last blessing was not poor Clara's only sorrow; the conduct of her husband during the journey seriously alarmed her. Sometimes he indulged in the wildest mirth; uttered bitter sarcasms on woman's faith and man's credulity; then fell into a moody silence followed by troubled sleep, from which he would start suddenly, and passionately demand if he had spoken in his dreams.

A suspicion that he was going mad came painfully upon her, and the last day she sat beside him in their luxurious travelling-carriage almost speechless with terror.

It was an intense relief to her when the great copper gilt crown with which the son-in-law of George III decorated his palace on his elevation by Napoleon to the kingly dignity, met her view.

She would soon know the worst, all she had to hope or fear.

"Thank Heaven!" she involuntarily murmured.

The Hon. Edward Berrington started, looked round, and recognised the long familiar object. With a strong effort he shook off the impressions and feelings which had so painfully haunted him, and recovered his self-possession.

"Stuttgart!" he exclaimed. "With what different feelings did we quit."

"We did, indeed," replied the unhappy wife.

"Is it remorse, or regret?" thought her husband.

"To my father, Edward—to my father," said Mrs. Berrington, perceiving that the postilions, on entering the city, had taken the direction to the Grande Place.

"It would not be wise, Clara," he answered, with something like his former kindness. "He must be prepared for the meeting. The surprise might——"

"Joy does not kill. But it is not joy you fear, is it——"

Tears choked her utterance, she could not pronounce the words that would have shown too faithfully her fears.

On drawing up to the principal hotel, where the travellers were well known, the landlord and bevy of waiters appeared at the entrance to meet them. Mrs Berrington read in the stereotyped expression of condolence on the stolid German features—so different from the active, pleased alacrity with which guests of their importance are generally received by the greedy, money-loving race—the extent of her misfortune.

"Dead!" she sobbed. "Dead!" and fell fainting into the arms of her husband.

The presentiment proved but too true. Alwyn Bouchier had expired the preceding night, his last words a blessing on his absent child, and prayers for her happiness.

In Stuttgart, as in most Continental cities, interment must take place within eight-and-forty hours after death. In the present instant the authorities waived the law, and granted a delay of four days out of consideration of Mr. Berrington's former diplomatic position.

It was also intimated that the court carriages would follow.

Cruelly and bitterly the bereaved daughter felt the delay her husband's capricious unkindness had interposed. had he permitted her to start at once from Wraycourt on receiving intelligence of her father's illness, she might have arrived in time to take a last farewell, to close his eyes with filial hands, and soothe his last hours by her presence. That consolation, however, had been denied her; but nothing, she determined, should prevent her from seeing his sad remains and praying by them.

It was in vain that Mr. Berrington advised, nay, even entreated her to forego her intention. In the presence of her great sorrow she had lost all fear of him.

"It is useless—quite useless," she replied, with icy coldness, in answer to his objections. "I will see him."

"Will, Clara" he repeated. "Do not compel me to use my authority."

"You must use something more to prevent me."

"More!"

"Force," she added; "for nothing but force shall prevent me paying my last duty to his ashes. The kind old man," she added, yielding to her tears; "little did he imagine the heartless unsympathising nature of the man to whom he consigned me."

"A reproach from you!"

"Does not your heart echo it? Does not your conscience tell you it is deserved? What have I done that you should treat me thus? I could have loved you once, but that time has passed; Your sister's influence and your own evil temper withered the blossom of affection before it could unfold.

"And now you hate me!"

"Hate you! No, Edward, no. I pity, but I can never hate the father of my child."

A fearful spasm distorted the features of the jealous husband at what he conceived the insulting mockery of her words, and not daring to trust himself longer in her presence he rushed from the room uttering a wild and maniac laugh.

"Mad!" muttered Clara; "mad! Where will the misery end?"

To a resolution so strongly expressed, and which Mr. Berrington well knew his wife in her present state of excitement would carry out at any risk, further opposition appeared useless. It could only cause a scandal—and scandal lead to an explanation he dared not provoke. Prudence as well as a sense of morbid pride sealed his lips to the only accusation which in the eyes of the world might have justified his conduct. Had he proclaimed his wife's guilt with the man he had so cowardly assassinated, a terrible question would have been asked—a question he dared not answer.

This inability to vindicate his imaginary wrongs was not the least part of the murderer's punishment; a fatal necessity compelled him to conceal them.

Our readers may imagine how the unhappy man longed in his fierce wrath to hurl the word wanton at the teeth of the innocent mother of his child. To tell her that her secret was not buried in the grave of the seducer. To mark the avenging blush; the prostrate humiliation; to revel in her shame. This would have been triumph, but by his own deed the satisfaction was denied him.

In the bitterness of his soul he cursed her, the hour in which they first met, and repeated his oath of rendering her days desolate, her child her shame.

There was much that was naturally good in the disposition of Mrs. Berrington; the hand of affection might have led her with a silken thread—a senseless tyranny wasted its efforts to constrain her. With the blood of Alwyn Bouchier, she had inherited not only his scorn of wrong, but more than a woman's portion of his strong will and firmness to resist oppression.

It was a hard fate for one so young. We can see a weary struggle before her. One of those silent battles fought daily before our eyes without our suspecting it. A contest in which the heart must gather courage from itself, in which there is no retreat, no pity for the vanquished.

It is a beautiful as well as solemn thing to contemplate the dead. The long strife is over, the scars have disappeared, the eyes of affection become dull; the eloquent lips sealed with a seal of clay, and yet imagination paints the smile still lingering on them. There is such an expression of exquisite calm, of peaceful rest, that we feel we would not, if we could, disturb their slumber.

Such were the feelings of Clara as she knelt absorbed in prayer by the coffin of her parent. Then she rose and imprinted a last kiss upon his marble brow, and soothed the thin white locks she had played with so often when a child.

"God bless you, father," she murmured ere she quitted the room. "May my end be as peaceful."

In the passage of the house Mrs. Berrington encountered the venerable pastor whose Church Mr. Bouchier for years had been in

the habit of attending. The old man took her silently by the hand and led her to a recess formed by one of the windows.

"Thank you, sir. You performed your duty denied to his child. You witnessed the closing scene of his troubled life, heard his last words."

"They were a blessing on his child."

"I knew it," sobbed Mrs. Berrington. "I knew it. He did not doubt my love, though selfishness and unkindness kept me from him."

"He did not even repine," replied the pastor. "His was the Christain's and the good man's death-bed. An hour before he expired, when it became certain that in this world he would see his child no more, he confided this packet to my charge, and exacted a promise that I would place it in no other hands but yours. You will perceive by the address that the seal is to be broken in private. His papers," he added, "I had previously forwarded to a solicitor in London."

On reaching the hotel, Mrs. Berrington opened the packet. It contained the miniatures of both her parents, taken just before their marriage, when life and hope and happiness were young, and two letters. In the first, written in anticipation of her arriving too late, her father had bidden her an affectionate farewell.

"In your marriage," he said, "I have reason to fear I consulted your worldly interests more than your happiness; but I acted for the best, and Heaven, I trust, will pardon me if I have erred. Should a moment of difficulty arrive, and you require the counsel of a true friend break the seal of the enclosed note, but guard it carefully till then from every eye. Happiness, possibly, may depend upon you observing my injunction."

It had no address. Clara pressed the last legacy of parental love reverently to her lips, then placed it in her bosom.

At an early hour the following morning the remains of Alwyn Bouchier were conveyed to their last resting-place, followed by most of the English residents as a mark of respect to his name and memory.

During the wanderings of the author in many lands he never failed to visit the principal cemeteries of the cities in which he took up a temporary abode. They had a peculiar attraction for him; not that he is of a morbid, melancholy temperament, but from the interest he felt in tracing out the graves of his compatriots. He believes he is one of the few living persons who could point out the spot where Sandt, the murderer of Kotzebue, lies buried. The authorities kept it a secret, but Germans make it a place of pilgrimage. No doubt the enthusiast boy was mad; but what must the system have been that stung him to such a frenzy! His judges wept when they condemned him, and yet their decree was just. The fairest maidens of Mannheim threw flowers from their windows as he passed to execution in the grey dull light of morning. There was a scheme on foot to rescue him, but when the armed students of Heidelburg arrived, the sword had already fallen—justice had been done.

Although the Hon. Edward Berrington returned from the funeral deeply offended at the precaution his father-in-law had taken of transmitting his papers to England, and indignant at the obstinacy of the worthy pastor who refused to name the solicitor, or give him the address, he had sufficient command over his temper to respect the sorrow of his wife, who passed the day in the solitude of her own chamber.

"I will question her to-morrow," he thought.

When the morrow arrived Clara was laid upon a bed of sickness. The fever of her heart had seized upon her brain, and for weeks her life was despaired of.

In the emergency he wrote for his own sister.

All Stuttgart spoke loudly in praise of the devoted husband. Never was such attention known: day and night he watched by her side, administered the medicine with his own hands, and tried to soothe her ravings, not, as the world supposed, from affection, but in the morbid hope of hearing from her own lips a confirmation of her infamy.

Strange inconsistency. had an angel assured him of her innocence he would not have believed it, and yet he longed to hear the confession of her guilt from herself. It would have justified him and the recollection of the deed that haunted him.

Once and once only he ventured to pronounce the name of his victim. The sufferer replied only by cries for her child and her father.

It was the proof of innocence, but the jealous fool understood it not; he concluded that she had forgotten him.

Youth has a thousand hidden resources on the secret springs of life. Mrs. Berrington, pale and emaciated, the shadow only of her former self, began slowly to recover, and the first signs of returning consciousness was the recognition of her sister-in-law, who, dressed in deep morning, sat watching by her bed.

"Elizabeth," she murmured.

"Clara dear Clara," replied the hypocrite. "Thank Heaven, she knows me."

"I have been ill, very ill, have I not?" continued the enfeebled sufferer pressing her hand to her forehead. "Yes; I recollect all now. My father, my dear father!"

It was the first time she had wept for weeks, and tears relieved her.

"How came you here?" she added.

"I have been in Stuttgart these ten days."

"Ten days!"

"Edward sent for me."

"And my child," exclaimed Clara, greatly excited; you brought him with you! Let me see him; in pity let me see him, clasp him in my arms, feel the warm pressure of his innocent lips. I can support the happiness; indeed. I can."

Miss Berrington pretended to weep.

"Tears!" said her sister-in-law; "tears! what can they mean! It must be indeed a sorrow to wring them from your eyes. Alwyn, my son, where is he? You do not answer me. Feel for a mother's agony; speak, or suspense will kill me."

"Praying for you in heaven," replied the heartless woman, who really felt alarmed at the effect she feared her words would produce.

"Dead," murmured the young mother.

"Ah! Clara."

"Dead," she repeated.

"My brother's heart is broken."

The fever had reduced Mrs. Berrington to such a child-like state of weakness that nature was incapable of responding to any violent shock: reaction had not yet set in; the nerves continued prostrate, refusing to respond to the throb of pain.

A week later and the intelligence would have killed her.

She closed her eyes for several moments, and, to the astonishment of Miss Berrington, a faint smile played upon her colorless lips.

"Father and child both gone—both in Heaven," she murmured; "Wisest—best—we shall soon be reunited. I should have repined without my boy, but my bliss will be perfect now. His cherub-smile," she added, "will be the first to welcome me in heaven."

The prospect of being speedily reunited to those whom she had most loved on earth exercised a soothing influence upon the sufferer, who gradually fell into a gentle slumber.

Summoning her waiting-maid Jane to take her place by the bedside, Miss Berrington quitted the room to inform her brother that the interview was over.

"Have you told her?" he demanded moodily.

"Yes."

"And she bears it?"

"Better than I expected."

"No doubt?"

"None."

"Did she speak of me?"

"Only of her infant and her father. She had no thought of you," added the artful woman. "We must be careful, Edward, for her life hangs upon a thread; a word—a look—a breath of unkindness would sever it."

"She must die!" exclaimed the self-deceiver passionately. "I will not bear this weight of misery and shame alone. She shall share it. You need not fear me, Elizabeth. I will be crafty as my injuries, cold as her own deceit, stubborn as her will, till I have worked a righteous retribution, cast back upon her head the coals of infamy her wantonness has heaped on mine."

"I wish I understood your purpose clearly," said his sister, beginning to feel, not remorse for the treacherous part she has acted, but terror at the consequences.

"Not till it is accomplished," was the reply.

"Have you lost all confidence in me?"

"In you, the world, and every human being," replied the unhappy man; "since the wife I rescued from poverty dishonored me. I will have no partner in the work of retribution," he continued; "it is not a woman's act, and I should loathe you."

"Edward! Edward!"

"Forgive me. I know I am unjust; but my heart is turned to gall. You do not, must not know," he added wildly, "what a wretch despair has made me."

"Your looks terrify me!" exclaimed Miss Berrington, clasping her hands and turning exceedingly pale at the fearful suspicion that crossed her mind. "What do you mean?"

Her brother laughed wildly.

"Oh this is horrible," she murmured.

"You demand my intentions, my confidence," he continued, his excitement increasing with every word he uttered. "You would not have the courage to share it. It would palsy your heart as it has done mine—fire your brain to madness. No confidence—no compassion."

The guilty woman, who in her own selfish way loved and felt proud of her brother, sat appalled at the wreck her acts had made. Her tears fell fast and bitterly.

"We must have no more such scenes, Elizabeth," he said recalled to something like self-possession by the sight of her tears. "They do but worry us uselessly. You understand me."

"Yes, but——"

"No reservation," interrupted the madman; for such he really was at times. "You have performed your part, and I am grateful; the rest regards myself alone; but there must be no more questioning, no prying under pretence of interest and affection. I know the value of such words, and will not endure a domestic spy, even in the person of my sister."

With this last observation the speaker left her—left her to the bitterness of her reflections, the consciousness of having destroyed his happiness by encouraging doubts she had it in her power to dissipate for ever. True she had inflicted a lasting wound upon her sister-in-law, whom she hated, but that appeared a poor consolation now.

Like most persons who have taken one decidedly false step, retreat seemed now impossible.

Miss Berrington had not only the consciousness of her own baseness, but the insolence of her waiting maid Jane to endure. The sharp-witted abigail divined there was something wrong in the family, and that the visit of Mr. Bouchier to Wraycourt had something to do with it; added to which, the sufferings of Clara really touched her.

She had only received ten pounds as the price of her silence. It was not worth while, she mentally urged, to smother her feelings for such a sum.

"Mrs. Berrington is very bad," she observed, as she assisted her mistress to make her toilette for the night.

"The loss of her father."

"No doubt, miss, and of her baby, that died so suddenly after she took it from Wraycourt to London. I wonder you didn't take me with you."

To this very natural observation the lady made no reply.

"Master appears very unhappy, too, poor gentleman," continued the speaker. "Perkins, his valet, says he walks about his bedroom half the night, talking to himself, and tossing and throwing his arms in the air in a most uncomfortable way. It quite frightens him."

"Perkins is a fool, Jane, and you had better give him a hint to hold his tongue if he values his place; servants should be silent."

"Of course they should," replied the maid. "*Unless they can do good by speaking*, and then it is their duty to do so, that's my opinion."

Her mistress regarded her earnestly.

"Don't you think so, miss?"

"It depends," said Miss Berrington, speaking very deliberately.

"Oh the good," said Jane; "certainly. Now I believe it would do your brother good if I were to explain who it was that visited his wife at Wraycourt."

"Nonsense!"

"There can be no harm in trying."

"I cannot imagine what has put this absurd idea into your head," observed the lady seriously alarmed. "By-the-bye, being in mourning I shall not require the colored silk dresses I brought with me. I forgot to tell you you might take them."

"I don't care about a parcel of trumpery faded silks, that don't suit my complexion," answered the waiting-maid, tossing her head disdainfully. "Besides, you forget, miss, that I am in mourning too."

"Insolent!"

"Just as you please."

"Stay," said her mistress, perceiving she was about to quit the room. "What is it you require? Money? Name the sum."

"It ain't for me to say."

The guilty woman had to endure the additional humiliation of pressing, nay, almost entreating the once obliging and obsequious Jane to accept a further sum of twenty pounds before she could convince her of the absurdity of the idea of imparting what she knew to Mr. Berrington.

"Were it necessary, or even advisable," she observed when the half-broken treaty was renewed between them, "I should inform my brother myself."

"No doubt you would, miss," said the abigail.

Her mistress saw in the mirror on her dressing-table the sneer that accompanied the words, and her heart sank within her.

She was not the first sinful gentlewoman to whom Nemesis appeared in the garb of a waiting-maid.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

CONTRARY to the expectations of her medical attendants, and her own wish, for she had not once prayed to live, Clara slowly recovered her strength. Life dawned a second time upon her, not with the promise of smiling spring, but in bitter tears, gloomy with apprehensions and anticipated trials. It was hard, very hard for one so young to know herself alone in the world, dependent on a husband whose sanity at times she doubted, without one counsellor to consult, or friend of her own sex to sympathise with her.

The only person whose society proved grateful was the venerable pastor who had soothed her parent's last passage to the grave. A simple, good man, ignorant of the world as a child, his wisdom was in his piety; he spoke of resignation to the will of Providence as he had practised it.

He had never liked Mr. Berrington never approved his marriage with the daughter of his friend, and the feeling had been strengthened by the angry reproaches which the ex-diplomat heaped upon him when he refused to betray the confidence of the dead.

As the subject had not been renewed between them, he carefully concealed the attempt to obtain the name and address of the lawyer from Clara. It was useless to distress her, he thought. Had he acted otherwise the precaution would have been too late, her husband had already committed the inconceivable meanness of rifling her dressing case, opening the envelope, and copying the address.

Of course he re sealed it, not wishing to appear contemptible in the eyes even of the woman he hated.

To avoid the appearance of unkindness, her husband pleaded the prohibition of the physicians whenever Clara pressed him to return to England. She was too weak, they said, to endure the journey; months must elapse before it could be undertaken safely. At present they would not answer for the consequences.

There was nothing left but to submit.

One morning after the arrival of his letters, which were purposely delivered to him in the presence of his wife, Mr. Berrington announced that he was under the necessity of proceeding immediately to London.

"I shall be absent for a week or two," he said. Then muttering something in which the words "family matters" and "bankers" only were distinguishable, he quitted the room.

The next morning he started on his journey alone, not even his valet accompanied him.

"He would not distress you by taking leave," said his sister when she announced his departure.

Clara regarded her with a peculiar expression.

"He has left you in my care," added Miss Berrington. "Why do you smile?"

"I was thinking of the unnecessary trouble you are taking to deceive me."

"Why should I deceive you?"

"Heaven knows. 'Tis strange that you should possess the confidence denied to his wife. Well! well!"

"You judge me unjustly," observed her sister-in-law. "You do indeed, Clara; Edward no longer confides in me. I am ignorant of the motives of his journey."

"Tell me, Elizabeth, truly; do not fear the consequences. I am stronger than you believe, and can bear the reply. Has there ever been insanity in your family?"

The artful woman buried her face in her hands.

"You know it. I am answered."

From that day the conviction of her husband's madness became confirmed.

On his return to town Mr. Paul Lynx found himself an independent man. At one moment he decided on retiring from the profession. Then came the question: what could he do with himself? He had few mental resources. To have consulted his wife—we have not stated, we believe, that he was married—would have been dangerous; for although very dutiful and submissive, unless her jealousy were aroused, she had two weaknesses. Gin and love of gossip.

He must have explained to her the source of his sudden prosperity. The affair, look at it which way he would, appeared complex, delicate—the confidence dangerous. So, after due deliberation, he decided to continue in harness, and consoled himself with the reflection that he could now afford to reject all hazardous undertaking, and indulge occasionally in a little quiet enjoyment.

We should like to know how many husbands there are in the world who make a similar calculation; conceal from their wives the extent of their means; look gloomy when they are most prosperous; and indemnify themselves for economy at home by a little quiet enjoyment abroad.

Mrs. Lynx, as her friends admiringly observed, had everything that was comfortable and handsome about her. She dressed in the gayest of silks, and the smartest of bonnets, wore a gold watch and chain, rings, and corkscrew curls, and ought to have been a very happy woman.

But there is a skeleton we are told, in every house. One circumstance galled her. She was forbidden to present herself, under any pretence, at her husband's office. A mere business precaution, no doubt, but what woman would have endured it patiently.

This was the drop of bitterness in her cup of life, which fate had kindly filled with such excellent gin-and water. Naturally and properly she felt curious to ascertain everything that passed there, and never neglected an occasion of gratifying this desire.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Cincinnati is wondering over a horse that has lost all his hair owing to some unexplained cause. He has no mane, his tail is but a hairless stump, and even inside the ears no hair can be found. The horse is four years old, and was never sick.

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Shoving the queer—Pushing an idiot.

### FATE.

BY A. E. T.

When Youth and Hope, in merry guise,
Their light chains round me threw,
And all the future's sunny skies
Seemed strangely fair to view;
Like this, I thought in conscious pride,
My life shall ever be,
For I shall bravely meet the ills
Fate has in store for me.

The turn of Fortune's busy wheel,
The darkness of her frown,
For me no terrors seemed to hold,
I gaily laughed them down.
Secure in all the pride of youth,
Let others fearful be,
But I will blithely meet, I said,
The Fate in store for me.

But worldly rank and wealth were mine,
Despite my youthful scorn;
The favors that I valued least,
Unto my feet were borne.
But one—the one friend of my world,
Disloyal proved to be;
This bitterness I had not thought
Fate had in store for me.

## Her Lover's Ghost.

BY EUGENE CARROLTON.

OF all the pretty girls of Glengal, in the County Kerry, in the green isle, none could compare with charming Mary O Brien, whose eyes and hair were as black as the raven's wing, and in whose cheeks the rose and lily blended.

And who was this same Mary?—the daughter of a country squire—the child of a thriving shopkeeper?

Oh, no! she was old Pat O'Brien's chick, and grey and grizzled Pat was one of the poorest of all the poor fishermen who plied their uncertain trade in Glengal Bay.

And poor as the O Briens were, pretty Mary did not lack for suitors, for ever since this world began, gold has always been ready to forgive the lack of it in beauty.

From the fishing lads to the flourishing tradesmen of the village one and all of the eligible fellows of the town came a-courting to the old fisherman's hut, but the girl had the same answer for each and every suitor—a pleasant, laughing "No!" until fate threw in her way wayward young Desmond Burke, the only son and heir of the Burkes of Castlemaine

Young Desmond was wild, and young Desmond was rash, but he was not only a gentleman born, but a gentleman at heart, and although the gossips of the neighborhood looked askance when they noticed his evident admiration for the girl, and whispered with many a wise nod and knowing wink that the young gentleman would do Mary O'Brien no good, yet he had fallen as desperately and honestly in love with the girl as if she had been the daughter of a peer of the realm at least.

Now old O Brien was no fool. The old man was shrewd in his way, and being pretty well acquainted with the young man, believed that he knew how to make the matter appear to him in a right light, so he took an early opportunity to come to an understanding with him.

To the utter surprise of the old fisherman, young Desmond said at once, with the most utter frankness, that he loved Mary, and intended to marry her if she was willing

"Tare and 'ounds!" cried O Brien, amazed, "and phat will the old gentleman be after sayin' to that?"

"Oh, I expect there will be something of an uproar over it," the young man answered, coolly, "but it will blow over in time. In six months I shall come of age, and then I will be able to do as I please. I have always had my own way and I most certainly intend to in this matter, where I am sure the happiness of my whole life is at stake."

Astounded at this brilliant prospect, the old fisherman lost no time in making known the news to his wife, but she was not a bit surprised.

"I knew that the girl had the makings of a lady in her," she declared.

And now that he and the girl and her parents had come to an understanding, the young man thought it would be wise to break the news to his parents and see what they thought about the matter.

The lover had expected a slight disturbance, but he was in no way prepared for the storm which burst forth.

Both his father and mother were fairly frantic with rage when they discovered that he intended to contract such an alliance.

They stormed, and they threatened, but the young man was as firm as a rock.

In a measure he was independent, for, by the death of an aunt he had inherited quite a little estate, so that the old folks could not turn him out into the world a beggar, as in the first fury of their rage they threatened.

After a time, however, passion subsided, and reason took its place.

The old couple represented to their son how utterly unsuitable the girl was for him.

Of course, as the father said, he understood how a young man might run away with the idea that he was in love with a pretty girl, no matter who or what she was, but in time, when the fancy passed away, he would be the first to look back and acknowledge how foolish was the idea.

Young Desmond protested, respectfully, that it would not be so with him; time would not alter the strength of his love for the pretty daughter of the old fisherman.

The father at once caught at the chance that the declaration afforded.

"Put it to the test," he cried. "In six months you will be of age, and free then to do as you like, without regard to our likes and dislikes. Go away from Ireland; spend that six months in travel At the end of that time, if you return and this wild passion still exists, why then marry the girl, and your mother and myself will swallow the pill with as good a grace as possible."

The young lover, firm in his belief that the passion he felt for the girl was no idle whim, agreed to the terms.

Poor Mary though was heart-broken when the young man imparted the news to her; six months seemed like an age to her, and she protested, with many a sob, that she feared she would never see him again.

Desmond calmed her fears and after swearing by a hundred oaths that each would be true to the other, they parted.

"Remember," cried Desmond, as he kissed her rich red lips for the last time," whether I live or die I will be sure to come back to claim you, either in life or death; so never plight troth to another man no matter how long I may be absent."

Then he leaped into the saddle of his jet black mare and galloped off, leaving Mary the prey of a thousand fears.

Desmond departed by ship, and Mary on the headland by the bay watched the white sails until they vanished in the distance.

The six months passed away, and as in those days the mail service had not reached the height of perfection to which it has now attained, very few letters passed between the folks at home.

But at last the eventful day arrived upon which the young lover was to return home.

Mary watched the bay from the early morning, until a violent storm arose which drove her in doors.

"He'll not make the bay until to-morrow," the old fisherman observed; "this storm will keep the vessel off."

But so sure was Mary that he would come that she laid down in her clothes that night.

Sure enough, at the midnight hour she heard the low and cautious signal of her lover, and stealing out of the house she found him waiting at the door.

He was mounted upon the black mare and looked much the same as ever, except that he was terribly pale.

He told her that he had just arrived home, and that the first moment he was at liberty he had taken horse to fetch her home and make her his bride.

Mary's excitement was so great that she was easily persuaded to spring on the horse behind him that they might reach home before morning.

Away they went at break-neck speed.

Mary clung to her lover, but he was like a man of ice, and suddenly the terrible conviction flashed upon the girl that she was embracing a spectral form!

Desmond's last words came vividly back to her memory—

"In life or death I shall claim you!"

She felt that she was being carried to a horrible doom, and yet so great was her terror that it seemed impossible for her to make any effort to save herself.

As the horse fled madly along the road they came to the blacksmith's shop, and the light streaming from it told that, urged by some unusual demand, the smith was toiling through the dark hours of the night.

The girl found her voice at last.

"Save me!" she cried.

The smith sprang out into the road with a red hot iron in his hand, and seizing the girl's dress, pulled her to the ground The spirit still held on to her cloak thorough, but with a touch of his hot iron the smith burnt the cloth away, and then over the wall of a neighboring churchyard the horse and rider vaulted and vanished

The girl was taken home to her parents' house, but she never spoke a word, and just as the morning light came in at the window she died.

And just about the time that the girl died, the news of the wreck of the vessel in which Desmond Burke was a passenger reached the village.

During the storm she had been driven on the rocks off Dunmore Head, and every soul on board had perished; but true to his word, the lover had come to claim his bride.

And this is the story that old gossips tell in Kerry of poor Mary O Brien and her lover's ghost.

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One of the modes of punishment in China is to compel a criminal to die of sleeplessness, by keeping him awake a week, night and day. Ten days is sure to prove fatal, and is terrible agony for the victim.

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A cat in Hartford Conn., has just undergone a compulsory fast of fifteen days, having been "snowed in" under a building. It is quickly getting back to its accustomed plumpness.

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New tete-a-tete silver sets have china cups and saucers.

### SAYINGS ABOUT DOGS.

AN Englishman says: "If you cannot bite, never show your teeth," or "Don't bark if you can't bite;" while the Scotch say: "Great barkers are no biters." We also say: "What, keep a dog and bark myself!" These need no explanation, and the same is true of others, such as "Any stick will do to beat a dog;" "Give a dog a bad name and hang him;" "It is easy to find a stick to beat a dog," and "When a dog is drowning every one offers him drink." On the same principle of giving to those who do not want, we are told that every one bastes the fat dog, while the lean one burns. Of course a hungry dog will eat dirty pudding It is a bad dog that deserves no crust.

The French language is singularly prolific in sayings about dogs. A good dog never barks. The best of friends must part, as Dagobert said to his dog. This is well known, and so is this: He is like the dog of Jean de Nivelle, which runs away when it is called. A dog may look at a bishop is like our own, "A cat may look at a king." To beat the dog when the lion is present may be safe, but is rather cowardly. Two dogs to one bone are bad. He who would drown his dog calls it bad. You must throw stones at the dog which bites: but flatter the dog till you get to the stone heap, and do not make fun of the dog till you are out of the village, perhaps because a dog and a cock are always brave on their own dung hill. If he who takes a dog by the ears is bitten, it is no wonder.

A young man is sometimes as foolish as a young dog. To be always under control is to be like a dog in a string. He is treated like a dog sometimes, and especially if he comes in like a dog at nine-pins, or when he is not wanted. Love me, love my dog, is advice recognised in different countries, but it is French to call the chief man a dog with a grand collar. We could add several others from French sources, but we wish to give a few examples from elsewhere, and more particularly from the German.

Here we find that some people should not be squeamish; if they go over a dog, they must go over the tail. This reminds us of the saying, When you have swallowed the ox, don't make a fuss about the tail A German, like many more, may be as hungry or as weary as a dog, and, when he labors under a delusion, sees a blue dog. He is in a destitute condition who has not a dog to draw out of the oven. Do not blame the innocent. It rests not with the dogs how many horses shall die in the year. The hare may run the fastest, but many dogs are the death of the hare. Nobody cares to own a dog which is everybody's companion.

When they have nothing, the Flemish will tell you that you will find the dog in the pot. The Dutchman may be as snappish as a young dog. The Italian says, No dog is so bad as not to wag his tail; that a dog which barks never bites, which is scarcely true. The Spaniard says, If you wish your dog to follow you, give him bread; and yet he says, When your dog wags his tail it is not for you, but for the bread. He thinks, too, that a well-bred dog always dreams of hunting.

The Turks have a few good sayings, one of which is, The dog barks and the caravan goes by; mere noise is nothing. Another is that, The dog which is led out to hunt against his will takes no game. The Arabs have observed that every dog barks at his own gate, and that a dog which runs is better than a lion which lies down. They think it a foolish thing to draw the dog's teeth and bark yourself; but, having no great confidence in the animal, they say, put a dog on the jaws till you can muzzle it. From the Chinese we learn that a dog which raises its tail despises its foe; also, that he who beats a dog should think of its master. Other rough and ready sayings of theirs are, that the dog in its kennel howls at the fleas, but the dog which is hunting does not feel them.

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A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.—A Dutch seaman being condemned to death, his punishment was changed, and he was ordered to be left at St. Helena. This unhappy person representing to himself the horrors of that solitude, fell upon a resolution to attempt the strangest action that ever was heard of. There had that day been interred in the same island an officer of the ship: the seaman took up the body out of the coffin, and having made a kind of rudder of the upper board, ventured himself to sea in it. It happened fortunately to him to be so great a calm that the ship lay immovable within a league and a half of the island; when his companions seeing so strange a boat float upon the waters, imagined they saw a spectre, and were not a little startled at the resolution of the man, who durst hazard himself upon that element in three boards slightly nailed together, though he had no hope to find, or, if so, to be received, by those who have so lately sentenced him to death. Accordingly, it was put up to the question, whether he should be received or not; some would have the sentence put into execution, but at last mercy prevailed, and he was taken on board, and afterwards came to Holland, and lived in the town of Hom for many years.

## Scientific and Useful.

PROPELLING BOATS.—An inventor thinks he has solved the problem of propelling boats in canals and rivers by means of ejecting water from the boat. Unlike his predecessors he makes use not of a large pipe, but of a great number of tubes with very small outlets.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—A St. Louis photographer has successfully used the electric light in printing photo-negatives. Lately, the sun was so obscured as to seriously interfere with negative printing. In this exigency the electric light was resorted to and proved superior even to the brightest of the sun's rays.

RADIOPHONY.—Radiophony is the name given to the new path of research opened up by Prof. Bell through his discovery of sending and receiving articulate speech and other sounds on a beam of light. He does not believe that the phenomenon is the effect of the mass of the receiving plate vibrating as a whole, and in his opinion the nature of the molecules of the receiver and their mode of aggregation do not seem to have a governing effect on the nature of the sounds produced.

EARTHQUAKES.—A scientist attributes them to subterranean volcanic outbreaks, produced by the cooling action of the hot liquid interior of the earth in combination with the sun and the moon The *Nature* says that, in support of his opinion, he cites the fact "that most earthquakes occur when the sun is nearest us, viz., in January; fewest in June, also, that the number of earthquakes increases in the months of April and October, because of the strange attraction of the sun on March 21 and September 23."

MIXED FABRICS.—As a mode of ascertaining the various kinds of materials in mixed fabrics, a German industrial journal states that all vegetable fibres resist caustic alkaline solutions, even when boiling, and are dissolved by sulphuric, nitric, and hydrochloric acids. Vegetable fibres may thus be determined when existing among silk and wool. The latter is insoluble in the acids mentioned, but is readily attacked by alkalies, especially when hot. Silk is dissolved both in the acids and the caustic alkalies, and produces an odor like burnt horn

PERFUMES AND MOULDINESS.—Mouldiness is occasioned by the growth of minute vegetation. Ink, paste, leather and seeds most frequently suffer by it. A clove will preserve ink; any essential oil answers equally well. Leather may be kept free from mould by the same substances. Thus Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of birch, never becomes mouldy; indeed, it prevents it from occuring in other bodies. Alum and resin are used to preserve bookbinders' paste, but ineffectually; oil of turpentine succeeds better; but, by small quantities of oil of peppermint, anise or cassia, paste has been preserved for several years.

## Farm and Garden.

BUTTER.—It is believed by many water washes out the flavor of butter. It only removes the buttermilk and the acid which may adhere to it. The flavor of butter is contained in the fatty matter, which is not soluble in water, and therefore cannot be washed out. Washing out the buttermilk does not affect the grain of the butter, like kneading it out.

PLANT CUTTINGS.—Cuttings of many plants strike or root freely in any moist substance, and soft wooded plants of free growth, such as fuchsias, verbenas and lobelia, root quickly and freely in wet sand or sand and water, if placed in a brisk temperature. Rose cuttings, as well as those of the oleander and many other plants, root freely in bottles of soft or rain water.

EARLY VEGETABLES.—The Chinese and Japanese excel all other nationalities in the culture of early vegetables. This arises from the fact that they use only liquid manures, hence the growth of the plants is most rapid, and as a natural consequence the vegetables are very brittle and tender Lettuce and radishes they force rapidly, giving the plants a sprinkling once a day Tobacco and tea plants are also treated in a like manner.

HINTS.—A cow with three rings on a horn is six years old; with four she is seven years old. No new rings are formed after the tenth year. The deeper rings, however, and the worn appearance of the horns are pretty sure indications of old age. Oak is stronger than iron, both pieces being of equal weight. Drakes are quarrelsome; the few of them on hand the better. The simplest method to remove the hull from corn is to make a weak lye from clean wood ashes and soak the corn in it.

FLOWERS AS DISINFECTANTS.—Ozone is developed by certain odorous flowers Most of the strong-smelling vegetable essences, such as mint, cloves, lavender, lemon and cherry laurel, develope a very large quantity of ozone when in contact with atmospheric oxygen in light. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and generally the amount of ozone seems to be in proportion to the strength of the perfume emanated. On the strength of this a scientist recommends that in marshy districts and in places infested with noxious exhalations, strong-smelling flowers should be planted around the houses, in order that ozone emitted from them may exert its powerful oxidizing influences. So pleasant a plan for making a malarious district salubrious, only requires to be known to be put in practice.

FARM OUTBUILDINGS.—The barrenness and desolate aspect of farm-houses and outbuildings is certainly a great drawback to the beauty of our rural landscape. The general appearance of the homes of farmers would indicate that their owners are too intent upon field work to have time or inclination to make their dwellings beautiful. Occasionally a climbing rose or Virginia creeper is seen, but rarely anything less common and familiar. There is no necessity for this sameness, for there are many climbers which are perfectly hardy, and which once started, will thrive under adverse circumstances, and among these the clematis is entitled to a place in the front rank. In this genus we have a great variety of form, color and size, combined with perfect hardiness, and it may be made to flower freely through the entire season, from early summer to late autumn. The clematis is by no means particular about soil, yet, like most plants it will generally reward its cultivator for liberal treatment.

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SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5, 1881.


TABLE OF CONTENTS.


"Lady Hutton's Ward."—Chapter XIII Continued, and Chapters XIV, XV, XVI and XVII.
"The Lost Wife."—Chapter XVI Continued, and Chapters XVII and XVIII.
"Lady Marjorie."—Chapter XXIV Continued, and Chapter XXV, XXVI, and XXVII.
Short Stories.
Ladies' Department—Notes, Queries, and Fireside Chat.
New Publications.
The World of Humor.
Bric-a-Brac.
Scientific and Useful.
Farm and Garden.
Femininities.
Grains of Gold.
Editorials. Sanctum Chat.
Answers to Inquirers.
News Items, Miscellany and Poetry.


## SELFISHNESS.

A FAMOUS moralist once traced the origin of all human actions to selfishness. In the noblest sacrifices, in the most unflinching heroism; in sin and in sorrow, in every emotion that sprang from life and which seemed to glorify nature he saw only the operation of self-love.

It is hard to believe that the weeping of the mother over her first born has no deeper root; it is not pleasant to think that the love which idolizes us, which would fain be a shield between us and the woes of earth, is fixed on no better base—that the almost god like qualities of which we see and hear of every day, flow from such an unworthy source. Yet, if we examine the matter carefully, we will find in the assertion a certain amount of truth. We weep not so much for others as for ourselves. It is not the fate of her little one that the mother laments with her tears, but that a well spring of joy has been taken from herself.

But whether we are to receive the statement in its full accentation or not, it is certain that this feeling often influences us when we are not aware of it—when we put our conduct to the credit of a more honorable motive. Thousands daily attribute to the best qualities of the heart, deeds and words that come only from the close absorption of existence with self. And these thousands are by no means confined to one circle; they permeate all society. They are found in country and in city; in low life and high, in workship office and home. The man whose whole life may be called a walking thought, has his occasional lapses with him whose boast it is that he never thinks at all.

Its presence then, being so apparent to all, what can be offered as a palliative, for cure it is to be feared there is none! This is most easy of discovery, but, perhaps, most difficult of application. The majority of the selfish are so hide-bound in this trait, that misguided by its false light they deem it in many cases the very foundation of their virtues.

If the parents, the guardian, the employer, the superior official, the greater nominally in all conditions and situations of life, were but to make the circumstances of others their own, there would soon be a lessening of selfishness. To assume that others naturally are entitled to all the rights and considerations that we claim for ourselves, is a remedy if not overly pleasant, certainly thoroughly effective. In short, a rigid execution towards ourselves, of the grand old axiom "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" were your relations reversed, is the surest antidote to selfishness in the world.

## SANCTUM CHAT.

British army officers now have to wear uniform when off duty. They are much disgusted at the removal of this privilege. They think it makes them 'common' soldiers.

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A Swede wisely replied to an Englishman, when he asked if it was not costly to take children off the streets and highways and place them in special schools as is done in that land where illiteracy is almost unknown:—"Yes, it is costly, but not dear. We Swedes are not rich enough to let a child grow up in ignorance, misery and crime, to become a scourge to society, as well as a disgrace to themselves."

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The New York Coffee House Company, have taken an advanced step in the business, and are furnishing for a few days during the cold weather, the car drivers and conductors with free coffee. They have opened coffee places at various points, where reading, conversation, smoking, &c., may be indulged in. The prices at these latter places are four cents a cup for coffee, and rolls one cent each. A movement to establish similar saloons has been started in this city.

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The Jewish population of Jerusalem now numbers about 15 000, which is 5 000 more than in 1878. This is thought by some to be an indication that the Jews are intending to return in a body to the Holy Land. Several prominent rabbis have recently stated their belief that this idea is without foundation. The prevalent opinion among leading scholars of Jewish faith is that their people are accomplishing the divine mission by being scattered throughout all the nations of the earth, and in each nation witnessing for the truth.

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A writer who has devoted some attention to the decorators and artisans of Japan, says, that the worker in metals is, without exception, the most artistic; but that all Japanese workmen and artists discard utterly the happy-go-lucky method in their work. They undergo a thorough training in ancient custom and precedent. Hand books with elaborate instructions and progressive lessons are cheap and accessible to the poorest, for circulating libraries abound. From first strokes to the finished drawing, and for each class or style of design there are many elaborately illustrated works of reference.

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It sometimes seems as though the world had reached the limits of human achievement, but yet each year brings something new and wonderful. The year lately closed has seen the further developments of electricity in the production of light and motive power, and as a substitute for sunshine in the ripening of fruit; swifter methods in telegraphy; the application of the spectroscope to astronomical research; the discovery of the photophone; vigorous explorations in Asia, in the torrid regions of Africa, and the frozen zone of the polar circle, not to speak of the enlarging of our knowledge of meteorology and the manifold mechanical contrivances invented.

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The frequent recurrence of the fuel famine in places in the West and North-west, call for a solution. Coal cannot be found, and the use of wood will soon exhaust the available supply of that article. Corn is the only substitute, and must be the fuel of the future. For stoves it is superior to any other substance, hard coal alone excepted, and it is cheaper than any thing that is likely to be used for fuel. Two or three acres of corn will afford an ordinary family a year's supply of fuel; and the same corn sold in the market, and the proceeds turned into either wood or coal, will not begin to do it. Of course, this is meant of the far Northern prairies. Corn may be used in either a wood or a coal stove without any change of grates, and make a steady, hot fire. Two bushel of corn in the ear, it is estimated, will keep a comfortable fire the coldest day in winter. Regarding the squeamishness about burning an article that is used for food one writer says pointedly: "I would sooner have an acre of corn that can be replaced in a single year, than to burn an acre of timber that takes years to replace, even on the score of sentiment." There is common sense in this.

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A Boston merchant, in "lending a hand" on board one of his ships on a windy day, found himself at the end of an hour and a half pretty well exhausted and perspiring freely. He sat down to rest, and engaging in conversation time passed faster than he was aware of. In attempting to rise he found he was unable to do so without assistance. He was taken home and put to bed, where he remained two years; and for a long time afterwards could only hobble about with the aid of a crutch. Less exposures than this have in constitutions not so vigorous resulted in inflammation of the lungs—"pneumonia"—ending in death in less than a week, or causing tedious rheumatisms, to be a source of torture for a lifetime. Multitudes of lives would be saved every year, and an incalculable amount of human suffering would be prevented, if parents would begin to explain to their children, at the age of three or four years, the danger which attends cooling off too quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing still after exercise, or work, or play, or of remaining exposed to the wind, or of sitting at an open window or door, or of pulling off any garments, even the hat or bonnet, while in heat.

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Footmen in London are going out and footwomen are taking their place. Dining the other night in a fashionable locality, the door was opened by the latter in a most charming and becoming livery. Black and white mob cap for headdress; stand-up collar with white cravat and small pin in it, rich brown cloth coat with livery buttons, cut somewhat like a man's hunting coat, and a buff waistcoat with a high church collar—such was the uniform. I was so struck with the upper portion of the dress that I never thought of looking at the extremities, but I fancy my eye once got a glimpse, going upstairs, of red stockings and shoes with silver buckles. During dinner four winsome lassies, all similarly attired, waited on me hand and foot, and certainly never was a dinner more deftly handed and served. Why not? Women are, by their nature, much better suited for this sort of work than men. The latter thinks nothing of eating onions or smoking vile tobacco before serving the soup, or putting their thumbs in the gravy of one's mutton, or breathing stentorously at your ear, or perceptibly on your cranium if it lacks a covering. Besides, there is a decided economy; foot women are not taxed, nor do they eat so much.

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Blackwood's Magazine indulges in sarcasm on "American Nobility," and our universal habit of applying the word "gentleman" to every one. There is certainly an indiscriminate and often very amusing use of the word in our social intercourse, but it is one way in which the American endeavors to show his politeness. The questions recurs, who is a gentleman? Was Nero and Caligula, the infamous Norbury, George II., who abused his wife and son; or George IV., who reveled in the arms of obese dowagers and was a paragon of profanity—were these fellows gentlemen in any sense? And Pompadour, and Madame Maintenon, and the profane Sarah Jennings, and other women similarily constituted, who occupied high positions in French and English society—were they ladies in any sense? High positions, state and judicial have been filled by men who were worse than the meanest convict in Sing Sing, and high social life has been disgraced by women inferior in morals and decency to the vilest. Yet these creatures figure in history, in biography, in voluminous encyclopedias. Only at such times as our desires are pure, our hearts free from licentiousness, and our aspirations high and noble, can the fine and expressive words "gentleman" and "lady" be correctly applied to human beings. The lexicographers may define the words as they please, but there is no dodging the definition which rises above their own. Thus it is that the mechanic and his wife are lady and gentleman in common with Lord and Lady Brown Jones Jenkinson, who put on the plumage of peacocks to hide the thinnest of organization.

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Nervous and superstitious people have undoubtedly been disturbed concerning the prediction that this is to be the last year of the world's history, and even those who do not credit the rumors about the arrival of the judgment day of all mankind pin some of their faith to the promises of certain physical changes announced for 1881. These latter are the only matters that are worthy of any attention among enlightened folks, and while it is not denied that some wonderful movements and processes in the outside universe will occur this year and next it is not at all certain that they will affect our planet in the slightest degree. There will be conjunctions of stars and eclipses, and it is understood that several comets are approaching the earth; but they are still so far away that astronomers believe they will be all broken up long before they near the earth's orbit by millions of miles. One of them is now visible by telescope, and it is believed to have changed its course already. This may take it into the sun, but if it should add its vast body to that great source of heat and light there would follow no change that could be even appreciated on our globe. Beyond these points nothing is positively known, but the general opinion of the astronomers is that there will be no changes in the economics of the universe that will influence our atmosphere out of common, and they expect to proceed with their studies of the wonders of universal space gradually during 1881 as they have done in late years, unfolding the mysteries of the Great Architect as it is given them to comprehend them.

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If insolence is the vice of the English aristocracy, the Christmas study of small children in big houses is enough to explain why it should be so. The better the station to which babies are borne, the more systematically spoiled do they seem, from the first, to be; and the Christmas festivities of half the feudal mansions of the kingdom resolve themselves into the despotism of a ridiculously petted infancy. Eminent peers, who are shrewd and resolute enough on all other matters, display an infatuated fondness in regard to the children of their house. They wish them to grow up brave, accomplished, beautiful; but they instil into them the idea that the wholesome discipline of the schoolroom is only obligatory on boys and girls of an inferior order. They are about in all places and at all hours, and plunge into any conversation that may be going on. They express their opinion about the wine after dinner, or they correct the misconceptions which have been formed by an Under-Secretary of state as to the policy of their distinguished father. Children, if they are sufficiently precocious and pertinacious in their precocity, can make a country house perfectly insufferable. The parental idea is that, if the small boy is brought up in the atmosphere of political gossip and ideas, he may rival the great statesmen. There is almost a mania just now among the present, past, or future Cabinet Ministers to be accompanied on public occasions by the political schoolboy. It reminds one very much of the vogue which obtained extensively a couple of years ago, and which impelled many young ladies never to be seen abroad without a pug or a toy-terrier, or a ridiculously overdressed infant. Tutors and school-masters complain that this organized distraction fatally interferes with their best-meant efforts.

AN OLD STORY.

BY P. B. WRATHERLEY.

Once in the days of old,
In the years of youth and mirth,
The sea was a lover bright and bold,
And he loved the golden earth.
The sun in his royal raiment clad,
Loved her, and found her sweet;
But the sea was content and glad
Only to lie at her feet.

Ah! that the bards should sing,
And wait for the golden years;
Love was, and is, but an idle thing,
'Tis but a wind that veers.

And earth in her beauty and pride,
Held her lips to the wooing sun;
He said, "Thou art fair, oh, my bride,"
And she sang, "I am thine alone."
The faithful sea at her faithless feet
Rolled with a broken moan;
"Oh, sun!" he cried, "but thy bride is sweet;
And I am alone, alone!"

Ah! that the bards should sing,
And wait for the golden years;
Love was, and is, but an idle thing,
'Tis but a wind that veers.

Oft would the sun depart,
And his bride in her gloom made moan,
And the sea would cry that her loving heart
Should be left to pine alone.
And his voice is strange, and sad, and sweet,
"Oh, love, not mine, not mine!
I am content to lie at thy feet,
And to love thee in storm and shine."

Ah! that the bards should sing,
And wait for the golden years;
Love was, and is, but an idle thing,
'Tis but a wind that veers.

# LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

[The scene of the story is laid in England. Three gentlemen, Dr. Grayley, Sir Evan Leslie, and Dr. Fuller, travelling among the Cumberland Hills, are driven by a violent storm to seek shelter in a ruined house, where lives a strange character known as Hugh. While they are there, this man enters, bearing the apparently dead body of a beautiful young woman dressed in bridal attire. He explains that she had been thrown from a carriage, the horses of which had run away and dashed over the cliff. During the explanation a physician of doubtful character, named Fitzpatrick, arrives, and appears to be connected in some way with the girl's condition. He is one of the most famous students of toxicology, or poison, of the day, and is known to Grayley. The gentlemen suspect something wrong, and by stratagem secure the removal of the body to Sir Evan Leslie's country house, some miles further on. Here, though they revive the girl, she appears to be slowly dying. Grayley concludes that she is suffering from some poison, the antidote to which only the person who administered it can supply. The girl recovers, and without telling her story departs. She merely gives the name Violet. Lady Margerie Lisle has a daughter, Isabel Lisle. She is related to the Earl and Countess of St. Clair, over the birth of whose granddaughter, Blanca, a mystery hangs. Isabel after Blanche is heiress to the estates of St. Clair. Sir Rupert Pelham, also a relation of St. Clair, is betrothed to Blanche. Lady Margerie schemes to win him for Isabel. For this purpose she visits Dr. Fitzpatrick, who says that if Lady Margerie promises to wed him, he will get Blanche out of the way. She does so. During the wedding ceremony of Blanche and Rupert at midnight the chapel suddenly takes fire, and Blanche disappears. She is believed to have burned to death. At an exhibition of statuary the Countess St. Clair sees a bust entitled "The Bride," which is the exact counterpart of her late granddaughter. She ascertains the sculptor is Sir Evan Leslie, who is an amateur, and calls upon him concerning it. This brings us down to the present chapter.]

## CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

PERHAPS she is right; yes, I believe she is right. In such a juncture as this, I could scarcely have guarded her secret had it been in my keeping, and yet, what mischief would I have done! The life once attempted might be attacked again more successfully, and then I should certainly commit suicide. I could not have that lovely girl's death on my conscience, and survive her."

It was a young, a very young idea; but Sir Evan was a regular enthusiast; and, under the romantic circumstances of the case, might be pardoned. At last his musings seemed to end in a more satisfactory manner.

"It must do—yes, I am sure that will do; and I can trust her discretion and the old woman's fidelity as my own." He rose and rang the bell. "Send Mrs. Harper to me," said he.

In a few minutes the old dame appeared.

"Harper," he began, "I have had a visitor."

"Indeed, sir," said the housekeeper; but her tone expressed no extreme interest at such an every day occurrence.

"A singular visitor, Mrs. Harper" he continued.

"You have had several such of late, sir."

"Right, Harper; and it would be very singular if they were to converge into one and the same result."

The language might be a little too abstruse for the old lady, but she had a tolerable idea of the meaning.

"I was half turned into a doctor, Mrs. Harper, while our fair charge was in the North, and now I have had a handsome offer to become a sculptor."

"You, sir!" exclaimed the old lady, and there was unutterable disgust in the tone.

"Yes," he replied; "and I am going to accept it."

"As you please, sir, of course," said the old lady, evidently irate beyond the power of words to express.

"But it is for a remarkable and especial case, my good woman," continued Sir Evan. "The Earl of St. Clair wants a monument to be erected to the memory of his grand-daughter, who lately died; and he thinks, or rather the countess thinks, I am the only person that can execute it with fidelity."

"Without having seen her, sir?" said Mrs Harper, nervously.

"I must have seen her in my sleep, I suppose, for I seemed to have imagined her likeness," said Sir Evan. "I suppose that young ladies of a certain age and certain style have a certain resemblance to each other, and our fair charge was tolerably impressed on my imagination."

"Then it was like her, was it?" said the old woman, eagerly

"Apparently" was the reply.

"And what name did you say, sir?" she asked.

"The Countess of St. Clair," replied Sir Evan

"And what do they dare ask you to do, sir?"

"Erect a suitable monument, Mrs. Harper, to the memory of their grand daughter. If you should hear from Miss Violet, or write to her, you might tell her that I have had a commission of the kind, and that her fate is not so singular a one as she might imagine."

The old lady said nothing, but curtsied, as she rose to accept the dismissal.

"Anything else, sir?"

"Nothing at present, Mrs. Harper; only it might be as well, in case of any difficulties on the young lady's part as to my using the idea I have proposed of her form and face, to tell her that I shall take good care no base use is made of the resemblance, and that it might please her to know that it was a source of great comfort and delight to the Countess St. Clair that the likeness of her grand-daughter should be so faithfully perpetuated."

"Anything else, sir?" she asked, and this time there was a look of shrewd intelligence in the old lady's face.

"Only add that, should she live to yield to the wishes of the countess, and afford her an interview, I will arrange it in any way that might be most agreeable to her."

The old lady had hitherto neither assented to nor denied the implied knowledge she possessed of the fair invalid's present abode; but at last she said—

"I know not where Miss Violet is, sir, and I cannot therefore deliver your messages in person; but if you would put down in writing what you wish her to know, I believe I can insure her receiving it. I think, Sir Evan, that she should know before you begin the work"

"I think so too," replied Sir Evan; and then he was silent

Mrs. Harper curtsied, and left her master to write his letter and discuss the contending probabilities of the case.

## CHAPTER XXV.

ONCE more alone, a new thought suddenly occurred to Sir Evan Leslie. He drew a desk towards him and penned a few lines. Again the bell was hastily rung, and Verney appeared with the same imperturbable calmness Had a thunderbolt fallen, the man would hardly have varied from his unmoved placidity of manner.

"Verney," said his master, "can you find out where the Earl of St. Clair is now staying?"

"Nothing can be easier, Sir Evan," he replied.

"Then take this note there at once, and desire the servant to give it to the countess, but, if possible, in private, and without saying from whence it came."

Verney obeyed, but in a few moments returned.

"Shall I wait for an answer, Sir Evan?" he asked.

"Yes—no—that is, you need only satisfy yourself that it is safely delivered."

"Very well, Sir Evan."

The man left the room and repaired forthwith to his own apartment to prepare for his journey; but no sooner had he locked the door than he proceeded to light a lamp under a small can of water, and when it was brought to the requisite amount of heat, he held the delicately impressed wax over the steaming vapor till it melted, without any degree injuring the surface of the envelope which it was presumed to secure That done, he separated the softened seal with his thumb, and after the letter was thus exposed, he proceeded to make himself master of its contents, with a cool deliberation of manner that betokened it was not the first time such an occurrence had diversified the routine of his valet life. That once accomplished, Mr. Verney himself had recourse to pen and ink, and appeared to take brief notes of the lines contained in his master's letter with the rapidity and confidence of a practised secretary. After which, he opened a drawer containing sealing wax of different colors, in short pieces, something like the varieties that graced the escritoire of Sir Evan Leslie.

The wax that had secured the envelope was easily matched, but to a person of less inventive genius than Verney, it might have been presumed the peculiar cypher that impressed it would have presented some difficulty. But Mr. Verney was by no means so easily daunted. He pressed a spring that opened a secret recess in the desk, and selected one from some dozen small seals that it contained. It was a peculiar monogram that he chose, with a small cypher or crest above it. He worked the malleable wax with the skill of one practised in such matters, and then stamped it, sharp and clear.

The process over, the desk re secured, and then Mr. Verney made some change in his attire, that might seem an excuse for his delay, before he descended the stairs and proceeded on his errand. It was evidently a successful one; for in two hours after, a deeply edged and coroneted letter was delivered by him to his master.

"From the Countess of St. Clair, sir; shall the servant wait?"

Sir Evan hastily tore it open. It ran thus:—

"The Countess of St. Clair presents her compliments to Sir Evan Leslie, and thanks him gratefully for his thoughtful and anxious desire to comply with her request. The suggestion he made shall be carried out to the utmost, and in the manner he has proposed In three days from this time Sir Evan Leslie will find all in readiness. She once more presents her deep and heartfelt gratitude."

Sir Evan read the letter with equal eagerness and interest.

"Get my things ready, Verney. I shall leave home to-morrow."

"Of course I accompany you, sir?"

"You do not."

The reply was brusque enough to silence the man for a few minutes. Then he resumed in a more deferential tone, "What length of time shall I prepare for, sir?"

"A week, perhaps more, but you need put up only necessaries."

"Your dress things, sir?"

"Certainly not," was the reply

"A kind of tourist excursion, I presume, Sir Evan,—is that what I am to arrange for?"

"Precisely," said his master.

The man retired, and Sir Evan Leslie looked after him with a momentary suspicion.

"The fellow looks strange, very strange," he said. "I am afraid of leaving him; and yet he would be more dangerous as a spy on my actions; and here he cannot possibly do harm while I am away, and under Harper's supervision. And then, as she is gone, and it is impossible he could trace her, thanks to her own good sense and Harper's, why I cannot see a shade of danger, even if my distrust of him were well founded. I believe I am bewitched by that fair face, for I seem to fancy every one and every thing has to do with her, or is concerned for her good or evil. I have no business to doubt the fidelity of a man whose attention saved my life, and I will not foster the suspicion"

He turned hastily from the unpleasant reverie in which he had indulged, and seizing a pencil, began to draw rough, yet graphic sketches of the statue proposed; and then he looked at his watch, and perceiving the hour was later than he imagined, he changed a portion of his dress, and went to keep an appointment with Doctor Grayley. The surgeon met him with his usual grave cordiality.

"Sir Evan," said he, "I have a bit of news for you, that may be of some interest."

"And it is———?" questioned Sir Evan Leslie

"The departure of a person from the North in whom you are interested," replied Dr Grayley.

"You mean—and yet—no, you cannot mean my—our charge?" said the baronet.

"Certainly not," replied Dr. Grayley. "She left at least a week since—unless I am misinformed."

A slight twinge of jealousy brought a shade on Sir Evan's face.

"You know that, Grayley?" asked Sir Evan.

"I do,—by a pure accident," replied the physician gravely; "and I have no idea where she is, I can assure you; so do not apprehend any trickery on her part or mine; but the person in question is a very different, yet collaterally concerned individual—I allude to Doctor Fitzpatrick."

"Has he left Keswick?" said Sir Evan, starting.

"Yes," was the reply.

"You do not mean for good?" continued the baronet.

"For good or for evil I certainly do, Sir Evan," replied Dr. Grayley; "but if you mean permanently, I have my reasons to believe that he has. His house is closed, the servants have been dismissed, and only a policeman is in charge of the premises."

"Would to Heaven he were in charge of him instead of the house," said the young man, fervently. "Grayley, I believe that Fitzpatrick is as deep-dyed a villain as any unhung; and, what is more, that he was the real cause of that poor girl's supposed death."

"Perhaps our opinions do not so much differ as to the gentleman in question, you jump to conclusions rather more rapidly, and express them more freely," said Dr. Grayley. "Still, I cannot go quite so far as you do, though there are probabilities"

"Probabilities!" exclaimed the young baronet; "Grayley, they are all but certainties, and you would say it if you knew all. But I am annoyed at his disappearance."

"Why, Leslie? It appears to me that the man's absence is no great loss to us or to Keswick, now that our fair charge is in safety."

"True, Grayley, if she is in safety," replied Sir Evan; "if she would have trusted us, relied on my honor, on your known character, we might have rejoiced in the disappearance of the man as a purifying of the atmosphere; but now I would rather keep him within reach, within sight, as it were. He scarcely could be plotting evil then."

The physician laid his hand on Sir Evan's with a kind, grave look, more gentle, and yet as calmly self-possessed as his ordinary expression.

"Leslie," said he, "you are younger than I am; and you have yet to learn—what years of experience and observation have taught me—that the events and purposes of Providence work themselves out, irrespective of our help and foresight."

Sir Evan bowed his head reverently. Young and ardent and self reliant as he was, he yet could comprehend and admire the pious reverence of a man whose talents and character in themselves commanded respect.

"Still——" began Sir Evan, but the doctor interrupted him.

"Still, my dear Leslie, we feel, and plan, and chafe, instead of earnestly, firmly, truthfully doing the work assigned us, and accepting the plain indications afforded us in our daily duties."

"You are right, quite right, Grayley," said the baronet; "and, what is more, I have had a most singular proof of the working together of the unexpected events, that ought to convince me that a different and more powerful agent than ourselves is presiding over this very matter."

Sir Evan then began to relate to the doctor the strange episode of the visit of Lady St. Clair, and Dr. Grayley listened attentively.

"What do you think of it?" asked Sir Evan, as he concluded.

"What do I think?" asked Grayley; "what do I think? Why, that time alone can unravel the mystery; but that you have acted rightly, and done one of the wisest things possible in your intended expedition."

"And is it not your real impression that the fair incognita and the grand daughter of this proud countess are one and the same?" asked Sir Evan.

"I will not say," replied the doctor, smiling; "my romance is not quite so young and vivid as yours, Sir Evan. I confine myself to former dictum. But tell me, how came you to attain such proficiency as a sculptor; and, what is more, to condescend to exhibit like a professional artist?"

"I believe I can soon unravel the mystery," replied Sir Evan, with a smile. "Some years since, when I was a lad about fifteen or sixteen, I was in considerable doubt as to my future destiny. My father was still a young man; our entailed estate was not large, and, I suspected with truth, was partly mortgaged, and the remainder of the property might easily have been transferred to the fruits of a second marriage. My father had placed me under the care of a tutor, who cared little for my conduct, except in the hours of study He was not a bad or careless man, but was very abstracted and studious, and had I been badly disposed, the consequences might have been serious; but, as I had a taste for art, and we were at the time living in Italy, it was, perhaps, rather an advantage than otherwise that I had time at my own disposal. The consequence was that I dabbled in art, both as to painting and sculpture, without much excellence in either, and now that I am differently circumstanced, I amuse myself when the fit takes me, with the old employments."

"And 'The Bride' proves that you only under-rate your powers," said Dr. Grayley, kindly

"Not at all," replied the baronet. "That was a mere chance,—a happy inspiration."

"But this does not explain your exhibiting the bust," said Dr. Grayley.

"There comes in the romance, as you will call it, Grayley," replied the baronet. "I was strongly convinced that the only

chance of drawing out any facts as to our mysterious adventure, was to expose to view what I deemed an excellent likeness of its heroine. And I am as yet doubtful as to the result; but at any rate, it has not been quite without fruit."

"It is the hand of Providence, I do really believe, Sir Evan, that has produced so strange a chain of events," said Dr. Grayley; "but, in any case, it would be a wilful and gratuitous sin to doubt that the reappearance of our fair protegee would only lead to fresh dangers, or to a useless, mysterious disappearance from friends and society. Take my advice, Leslie; work out the plan you have laid; do what seems prudent, right and necessary, but do not run needless hazards, nor attempt to force the impending events. I know it is a hard task for an enthusiastic lover."

There was a suppressed hardness in the tone that excited Sir Evan's attention.

"Grayley," he said kindly, "am I impertinent in fancying that you can sympathise with me rather better than I imagined—that your feelings for your fair patient are but too much in accordance with my own?"

Dr. Grayley flushed deeply. He poured out a glass of claret from the bottle that stood by him, and ere he replied to his friend his complexion had resumed its natural hue, and his voice and manner were as calm as usual.

"My dear Leslie," he said, "I have but one love, one mistress—medicine. When her jealous claims are quite satisfied, then, and not till then, I may allow myself to see visions and dream dreams. So do not torment your generous heart, by any fancies about me, or your fair lady-love."

It was now Sir Evan Leslie's turn to flush.

"I scarcely gave you reason to go so far as that, Grayley," he said.

"Indeed?" said Dr. Grayley; "then I am mistaken, Sir Evan, and I beg your pardon."

"And I ought to beg yours for being a touchy fool," said the young man, smiling frankly. "I don't know why one is so ashamed of being spoony, but somehow I always felt that——"

"That the lady herself should be the first to hear it," interrupted Dr. Grayley. "Quite right, and we will dismiss the subject at once."

"No; I will do nothing of the sort," said the baronet. "We will be friends, even where a woman is concerned, Grayley. I tell you frankly, I never loved before, and do not expect ever to do so again. From this time forth I shall devote my whole time and energies to the service of that poor injured girl; even if the day that sees her restored to her rights and home shall be the last of my hopes and happiness."

"Do not think me a carping cynic, Leslie, if I remind you of the bridal dress she wore," said Dr. Grayley.

"Well?" said Sir Evan.

"It betokens a pre-engagement of hand, if not of heart also," continued Dr. Grayley.

"Engagements may cease," was Sir Evan's reply; and he spoke according to his inclinations, though perhaps not according to his common sense.

"She may be already married," rejoined Dr. Grayley.

"She has no ring," remarked Sir Evan Leslie.

"It would be taken off," said Dr. Grayley.

"Then she would have written to, and claimed the protection of the man to whom, as his wife, she had vowed obedience and love," returned the baronet; "and, Doctor Grayley, you are talking against your own better sense, either to cool me down, or to test my will in the matter. You must confess I am right in my premises."

"It does not follow that the deductions are sound, even where the premises are correct, nor vice versa," replied the doctor, coolly; "however, I confess you have the probabilities on your side, and, what is more, I hope so."

"You are a good as well as a clever fellow," said the baronet, grasping his hand. "I could scarcely have gone so far in your place; but if my fair Violet has a younger sister, I will keep her for you,—and by the way, there was a splendid looking girl in the carriage, with a sort of glance in the eyes, and turn of features, not so very unlike Violet. But you will tell me I am running mad again, and fancying I see her in everything."

"Very likely," said Dr. Grayley; "and now, if you like to accompany me to the lecture-room, it is time to go. There is a lecture I want to hear that may interest you."

"On poisons?" laughed Sir Sir Evan.

"No, on 'Mistaken Identities.'" replied Dr. Grayley; "that is more in your way just now, and as it is the first of the evening's programme, we had better be off."

The young men then walked quickly to the place where the evening's entertainment was to be given.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

VICTOR FULLER was sitting in his own room anxiously waiting the arrival of the post on the very morning when Lady St. Clair paid her visit to Sir Evan Leslie. His breakfast lay untouched before him; and he tried to occupy himself with a newspaper which he had in his hand; but he would have been puzzled to say whether the column before him was headed "Latest Intelligence," "Police News," or "The Court Circular;" still it was held in his hand, and shaded his pale face from the observation of any casual intruder. Presently the postman's knock was heard on the opposite side of the street. It was a long street, and Victor Fuller's house happened to be among the last; so that his patience was tried in no ordinary degree by the repetition of that sharp, irritating sound.

At last his patience was rewarded,—the sharp ring, the distinct knock of the postman, came at his own door, and a minute after steps were heard ascending the stairs, and Victor Fuller could not doubt that a letter was en route for himself. The door opened,—but instead of the servant who usually waited on him, appeared the lithe form of Mr. Verney, the valet of Sir Evan Leslie.

"Verney, what brings you here at this hour?" exclaimed Mr. Fuller, in a not very flattering tone of disappointment.

"Business, Mr. Fuller, business," he replied. "You may be very certain that I never trouble myself, or any one else, at this hour without sufficient cause."

"Indeed," said Mr. Fuller. "I scarcely supposed it could be considered an early hour for Sir Evan Leslie's servant."

"No, we keep very fair hours in our establishment," replied the man, "very fair. I have no reason to complain of my patron; he is seldom up before ten, and does not often require me till even past that hour."

Victor Fuller was half angry, half amused at the man's insolence.

"Oh, indeed!" was his reply. "Then it was your own convenience and not mine that you were thinking of in the half apology you made, was it, Master Verney?"

"You are about near the mark, Mr Fuller; it is pleasant to have to do with a gentleman of so much discernment. Sir Evan does not always take a just view of things as you evidently do, Mr. Fuller; but as to apology, that's what I don't hold with. If you do what you mean, or say what you mean, there's no ground for one; and if you do not, it is acting like a fool, and that's what I am not, Mr Fuller."

"Nearer a knave, I suspect," muttered Fuller. Then he said aloud: "And pray, Mr. Verney, since you seem to think we are entirely on an equality, what comes of the reward you are to receive when all is complete and the portion you have already had? That looks very much like a master and servant, it appears to me."

"By no means, Mr. Fuller. We are partners in one adventure, you see: and it is merely that we take different shares of the labor and the pay. I have to get you the information, and you to act on it. I have stipulated for a portion of the booty, and you will bag the rest. There is a great equality in this, I should say."

Victor Fuller writhed under the man's cool insolence, but he was far too experienced and acute to let him perceive his vexation.

"Well, it is unworthy of men of sense, whether equal or not, to quarrel about words," he said, coolly. "Let us get to business, Verney. What is it brings you here?"

"What was it that you were expecting when I came in?" asked Verney, in the same tone.

"That has nothing to do with the affair," said Fuller.

"It has much to do with it," returned Verney. "You are expecting a letter, and you are disappointed."

"It matters little," said Fuller,—"it will come to morrow."

"It will not," said Verney.

"Why?" asked Fuller. "How do you know anything about it?"

"That's just what I am come to tell you, or rather to show you," replied Verney.

He took a letter from his pocket, and held it before the eyes of his companion. Victor Fuller would have snatched it from him, but Verney was too wary.

"Hold!—hold, master!" said he. "Fair play,—fair play is a jewel. That letter's mine,—and it's only by free grace I let you see it. There, don't look so glum! I told her to send under cover, and she has written straight to me,—that's the little mistake. But, as I said before, we are partners, and it does not matter, more especially as it tells a good deal we want to know."

Victor Fuller took the letter, and read it eagerly; but his face by no means betrayed the exultation that Verney's words seemed to prophesy.

"I can't see much good in this," he said, as he returned the letter to the man with an air of indifference.

"Do you not?" said Verney. "Then you see nothing in a clue that will give the whole mystery of the girl's story and her present residence, and all that is most useful for us to know."

"I cannot see the clue," said Victor Fuller.

"Very, very good, sir; you are strangely obtuse for a plotter," said Verney, laughing scornfully. "It is lucky for you that you are not left to your own devices, or I would not give much for your chance of the young lady. Listen, and I will show you all about it."

He spoke in a low, rapid tone, so rapid that no one but a quick and interested listener could have caught his meaning; but no sooner had Victor Fuller understood the full meaning of his words, than he grasped his hand warmly. "Verney," said he "you are a genius."

"Have I your full approbation of the scheme I have laid?" he inquired, smilingly.

"More than approbation,—my cordial praise, my unqualified and hearty co-operation," said Fuller.

"Then you must give me what is necessary in writing," said Verney.

Fuller seized a pen, and wrote a few lines in a bold rapid hand. Verney carefully perused it.

"Have you anything more to say to me?" he asked.

"Nothing, just now, I believe," replied Fuller.

"Then I shall at once set off for——"

Fuller nodded his assent, and in a few moments Verney took his leave.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

WE must now skip over a little time and space in our tale, ere we again take it up at the point at which we left it.

Lord and Lady St. Clair had returned to Castle St. Clair. The earl, though he had nearly lost the use of speech, had still sufficient power to make his desires known to those about him; and it had been his decided wish to return to the island. Perhaps the countess had fostered the idea, thinking it better for him to be in the neighborhood of his former home and close to his own doctor and lawyer; for she had by no means given up the idea that it might be possible to get the will altered. The earl might, by some powerful stimulus, be brought to a state that would render it possible for him to alter the old will, or make a new one. She well remembered the lawyer had been closeted with the earl on the evening before Blanche's marriage; and that the signing of that will was incomplete. A sort of presentiment of his vast property dependent on the marriage; or some secret fear as to disputes and questions of Blanche's legitimacy and the marriage of his lost daughter, perhaps dictated the usual arrangement; but, whatever the cause, the settlements and the will was both unsigned, and, as matters stood, the countess was well aware that the whole, except the customary third and her own settlement, must go to Lady Margerie as heir-at-law, and after her death to Isabel Lisle, unless that young lady offended her mother past forgiveness. Besides which, there were reasons and fancies in the lady's thoughts that made her determined to resuscitate the mind of her half dead husband, even at some risk to his body.

About this time, and when their return to the Castle was talked of as near, there came a change over Lady St. Clair; she grew more cheerful, spoke more frequently and less sadly of Blanche, and, in fact, seemed to be regaining her former health and spirits. This lasted for two or three weeks, and then she, with the earl, Isabel and their attendants, returned once more to the island, where Lady Margerie awaited them, anxiously expecting the arrival of her beautiful but very discontented daughter, for Isabel chafed terribly at the dull monotony of her life with the old people. She wearied of the incessant bandage of her daily existence and the dreariness of her lot. Again and again she pined for the liberty and cheerfulness of her former less splendor but more happy position, declaring repeatedly that she would seek freedom when the six months of heavy mourning for Blanche should have expired.

"I am altogether tired of it," said Isabel on her return.

"Ungrateful child," replied Lady Margerie; "is it not worth any amount of suffering to be the rich, young, and beautiful Lady St. Clair? Child, child," she added, gravely, "if it costs you something, Heaven alone knows what it costs me."

The girl looked up in surprise as she replied, "mamma, I do not understand you."

"Perhaps not," said Lady Margerie, hurriedly; "nor is it required that you should understand me. All you have to do, is to obey me; and rest assured, Isabel, that it is not for my pleasure or aggrandisement that I act as I have done. Isabel, you will regret the least failure of obedience to my directions."

"What do you wish me to do?" asked Isabel, somewhat startled by the unusual earnestness of her mother's manner.

"Remain passive until I tell you all is secure," replied Lady Margerie. "Fulfil your duties; take your cousin's place, as far as in you lies, and in twelve months from this time you shall be the envy of the whole island."

"Or of a rather wider sphere than that, I hope," added Isabel, proudly. "But I cannot see the probability of so speedy a result. My uncle may live for years; I have heard the physician say so again and again; and so long as he exists my destiny is scarcely in your hands. You do not mean to murder him to suit my convenience, do you?"

She spoke lightly and laughed lightly, little guessing the effect of her thoughtless words.

"You are foolish, Isabel," said Lady Margerie, sternly, and a dark frown crossed her face as she spoke. "You know not what you say. Take more heed to your words, lest some inconsiderate speech be brought against you in a future more dark and horrible than the dreary present."

"Against me, mamma!" said Isabel. "Do you suppose I am going to poison my uncle?"

Lady Margerie's features grew white with passion at the jesting yet bitterly spoken words.

"Silence, Isabel," she began; "another word in that insulting strain, and I would cover you with disgrace and shame, that would make you hide your head and fly from all eyes in wretchedness, and loathing your very life. Do you hear me, Isabel?—for my words are not spoken lightly."

Isabel's light, bitter mood was gone.

"Mother," she said, suddenly rising from her seat and drawing her form up almost to the height of Lady Margerie's tall figure, "mother, do you mean to imply, to hint, that I, Isabel Lisle, am not your lawful daughter, the heiress of St. Clair?"

The look, the tone had a mingled entreaty and scorn and eagerness in them that touched Lady Margerie far more than the most abject tears or prayers. It was more akin to her own temper.

"No, Isabel Lisle, no," she replied; "so far as you are concerned, no stain rests on your birth, and the most rigid scrutiny could not dare to attempt to disprove your lawful descent from the line of St. Clair."

Isabel's flush faded, and she sat down with a look of weary endurance.

"Well, mamma," said the girl, "if you choose to be enigmatical, I can not help it; but remember, my stock of patience is nearly exhausted, and you must soon liberate me, or explain all. It's my belief," she added, pettishly, "that something underhand is going on to make Lady St. Clair so bland. I don't trust her present mood, mamma."

Neither did Lady Margerie. This gentle graciousness on the part of the stern countess was extraordinary and unnatural.

"Mamma," resumed Isabel, chafing more and more at the fancied concealment, "something has happened that you and I cannot understand. I am sure of it; the change in Aunt St. Clair is too sudden and too complete to be accounted for in any other way."

Lady Margerie scarcely knew what to think. She had, perhaps, her own reasons for believing that the countess would scarcely be so kind and gracious if the truth had come to her knowledge; and on their arrival at St. Clair her belief was strengthened by the following conversation.

"Margerie," said the countess a short time after the anxious journey had been accomplished, "I am going to defend your interest against what I know to be the last will and testament of your brother. I mean him to execute another will, and destroy the old one."

"My dear sister," exclaimed Lady Margerie, "it is impossible."

"Not at all," replied the countess. "I have taken the advice, not only of the family solicitor, but of the first London counsel, and it is their decided opinion that the earl is capable of understanding and of signing a will; and, to satisfy your mind, Margerie, you shall be present."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The two young heirs who had been taking their first lessons in grammar disputed long and earnestly over a question, and at last agreed to decide it by arbitration, selecting the head of the family as arbiter, with full power to send for persons and papers. The old man was greasing his boots by the kitchen stove. "Father," said the elder heir, "Is it proper to say 'we is rich,' or 'we am rich?' The old man worked carefully down into the hollow of his boot under the instep, remaining a long time in deep thoughtful meditation, and then slowly replied: "Well, I should say it would come nigher to the truth to say we hain't rich."

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England has enjoyed a mild winter this season. On Christmas day some gentlemen taking a ramble in the neighborhood of Plymouth, picked up no fewer than seven different varieties of wild flowers, all in full bloom; and in front of a cottage, and altogether unprotected, a fuchsia was noticed in full bloom.

### SELF-CHOSEN CROSSES.

BY J. G. BAILE.

Nay, sister, when you choose the bitter part,
And of your own free will your freedom slay,
And lacerate anew your bleeding heart,
And spurn the lenitive, for which you pray,
And to the proffered medicine-cup say nay;
Remember, if you court a needless dart,
You are a self-sold slave in Sorrow's mart.
Fear not to grasp the good Occasion sends,
Nor tempt the storm when anchored in the calm;
With suffering, Heav'n some solace always blends;
Wounds self-inflicted bring not their own balm;
Not every thorn a grateful perfume lends;
Not every cross will blossom into palm.

## The Wedding Morn.

BY ALLEN MORPETH.

"YOU will be here when I come back?"

"I will be here when you come back."

Lander asked the question in his eager, passionate way, his handsome blue eyes drooped to the girl's pale face.

And she answered him—quickly, solemnly, her breath coming in little gasps at thought of the three years separation that lay between them.

"Then, good-bye, my darling. Kiss me!"

He strained her slight form to his breast, kissing her white, anguished face, fair brow, and shining eyes.

Then he went away—to come again in three years; and the waiting began for Mildred Merle.

* * * * *

It had been one of autumn's most perfect days when Lander went away; a day when the air hung full of golden haze, and the sun was genial in its shining, and a sweet west wind rippled over the sea. An autumn day—three years ago, and the time was at hand when Lander was to return.

But it came and went and he appeared not.

At first, it was easy to accept his not coming—his ship might have met with bad weather—something, of course, had detained him that was beyond his control.

But when a month after the appointed time, the Isaura came to shore, and Lander was not with them, then the girl's patient loving heart grew sick with fear and hope deferred.

The Isaura's commander and crew were all strangers to the villagers, and she could gain no tidings of Lander, until, one dull, dark, leaden skied day, when Mildred stood on the sands like some carved figure, so still she was, some one called her name, half eagerly, half solicitously, and she turned to see Bertie Kennedy coming rapidly towards her

Bertie Kennedy, handsome, half smiling for joy at seeing her, half sorrowful to see her as she was; and the last time they two had met it had been when he had told her of his love for her and she had refused him for Philip Lander's sake.

She did not so much as notice his hands both extended in a half passionate greeting.

"Did Philip come with you? Oh, Bertie, where is Philip Lander?"

His face grew just a shade paler than her sudden passionate question had already made it.

"Philip Lander is—is it possible you do not know? Can it be possible you have not heard?"

"What do you mean? He is not dead, or you would say it? There is but one thing worse—Bertie, Bertie You look as if you were going to tell me something that is worse than death."

"It is worse than death. He is miss as Lucifer. A month ago he was married. That is why he does not come."

The sentences fell in jerks from his lips—and fell in murderous strokes on her trusting heart.

"Married! And not to me! Oh, Heaven, pity me, pity me!"

In all his life he never had seen, nor ever again saw, such utter brokenness of spirit; and he turned away his eyes from her writhing frame, her ashen lips, her still white face.

And when he looked again, Mildred was prone on the sands.

"It will not kill her," he said, as he lifted her in his strong arms.

And then he carried her up to the cottage, where they laid her, white and unconscious on her bed—never knowing there lay on her lips the kiss Bertie Kennedy could not restrain himself from leaving, when she lay so close to his heart.

The pitiful awakening came soon after.

And then—well, Mildred did not die, for all the months of bitter anguish through which she passed, when, but for Bertie Kennedy, she must have been utterly prostrated.

At first, Mildred was hurt, and even shrunk from the friendship and gratitude she felt for him.

Gradually, however, she grew accustomed to the idea of it, and, one day, just a year from the time when her own true lover was to have come and did not, she told Bertie Kennedy she would marry him, providing he would never expect more from her than he, of all men, knew she could give.

It was to be no long engagement.

"As soon as you wish," Mildred said, patiently, kindly, to him "A hundred years could make no difference. To-morrow as well as ever, Bertie. You are not hurt with me, my friend?"

And he took her yielding form to his breast and kissed her sweet white face, his heart throbbing fiercely.

"I would rather have the least you can give me than the best and the all of any other woman"

So the wedding-day came—bright, clear, bitter cold, with icicles fringing the branches of the trees after yesterday's rain—Mildred Merle's wedding day.

And the ceremony was repeated in the little quiet chapel where a few friends had gathered; and then—when it was all irrevocably over, Bertie Kennedy's wife looked up in his eyes, in her sweet wistful way.

"Will you let me do just one thing, Bertie? I will never request it again of you. I would like to go down alone to the sands, only a little while. I want to bid an eternal adieu to—all the past. I want to be good to you, Bertie. Do you understand me?"

There was almost a passionate appeal in her voice.

"Can you go? Why, my darling, you need never ask me such a question. Only, kiss me—first."

He reached out his arms, but she drew gently back.

"Please not yet, Bertie. Wait until I come back."

And he let her have her way, and watched her slight, grey shawled figure, as far as he could see her, down toward the glittering sea-waves, that lay blue and cold under the sunlight.

She hastened seaward, until she stood just where her first great happiness had come; just where her first great sorrow had come; and a great despairing cry came wailingly from her quivering lips!"

"Oh Philip, Philip!"

And Philip Lander, hearing the cry, coming swiftly behind her, answered eagerly, passionately—

"My darling, thank God, at last, at last!"

She looked at him—startled into a frozen horror.

Was it really he?

And the sudden agony of rapture that had pulsed madly through her veins, bewildering her very senses, changed as suddenly to a deathly, sickening despair.

Of what avail—of what avail? Both knew!

So she struggled fiercely from his arms

"No, you are cruel, you are wicked! Go to your wife."

He looked compassionately, tenderly at her.

"My wife, dear? That is a mistake; I have no wife; I never will have any but you, my love. I have been ill, wrecked; fate has been sore against me; but God is good, and I am come to you again, my own true love."

She stared at him—stared in a hard, stony way that curdled his heart's blood.

"No wife! But I—oh God be merciful—I—have a husband—Philip! Philip—let me die—here—here—where I belong!"

And she had her wish.

The bruised heart ceased its palpitating beats and entered into rest, with Philip Lander's arms around her.

So she never knew the treachery of the man she had married, who had well known there was time to woo and win her before Philip Lander could return from the Indian voyage, on the ship on which Bertie Kennedy himself had placed him, sick and unconscious.

She never knew. And they buried her on her wedding morn.

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A WISE CHOICE.—An old fashioned story, which conveys its own moral, is worth reprinting:—The oldest of two sisters was promised by her father to a gentleman of large estate The day was appointed for the gentleman to make his visit, he not having as yet seen either of them, and the ladies were informed of his coming that they might be prepared to receive him The affianced bride, who was the handsomest of the two being desirous of showing her elegant shape and waist to the best advantage, clothed herself in a dress which set very tight and close upon her, without any lining or facing of fur, although it was winter and exceedingly cold The consequence was that she appeared pale and miserable, like one perishing with the severity of the weather; while her sister, who, regardless of her shape had attired herself rationally in thick garments, lined with fur, looked warm, healthy, and ruby as a rose. The gentleman was fascinated by her who had the most health and the most prudence, and having obtained the father's consent to change, left the mortified sister to shiver in single blessedness.

### THE OLD-TIME FARMER.

THE English farm house in days gone by was small, for in those days farmers did not look to live in villas, and till within the last few years even the parlor floor was of stone flags. Rushes used to be strewn in the halls of palaces in ancient times, and seventy years ago old Jonathan grew his own carpets.

The softest and best of the bean straw grown on the farm was selected and scattered on the floor of the sitting room as warm and dry to the feet, and that was all the carpet in the house. Just before sheep-shearing time, too, Jonathan used to have the nettles cut that flourished round the back of the shed, and strewn on the floor of the barn. The nettles shriveled up dry, and the wool did not stick to them, but could be gathered easily.

With his own hands he would carry out a quart of beans to the pigs—just a quart at a time, and no more, that they might eat every one, and that none might be wasted. So, too, he would carry them a few acorns in his coat pocket, and watch the relish with which the swine devoured their favorite food. He saved every bit of crooked wood that was about the place; for at that date iron was expensive, and wood that had grown crooked, and was therefore strong as well as curved, was useful for a hundred purposes. Fastened to a wall, for instance, it did for a hook upon which to hang things. If an apple tree died in the orchard it was cut out to form part of a plow, and saved till wanted.

Jonathan's hat was made to measure on his own special block, by the hatter, and it was so hard and stout that he could sit upon it without injury. His top boots always hung near the fireplace, that they might not get mouldy; and he rode into the market upon his "bob-tail horse," as he called his crop-tail nag.

But his shoes were made straight; not as now, one to each foot—a right and a left—but each exactly alike; and he changed his shoes every morning, wearing one on one foot one day, and the other the next, that they might not get worn to either foot in particular. Shoes lasted a great length of time in those days, the leather being all tanned with oak bark only, and thoroughly seasoned before it was cut up. There is even a story of a farmer who wore his best shoes every Sunday for seven years in Sundays—fifty years—and when he died, had them buried with him, still far from worn out.

At that date folks had no banking accounts, but kept their coin in a strong chest under the bed, sometimes hiding it in strange places.

Jonathan was once visiting a friend, and after they had hobnobbed a while the old fellow took him, with many precautions that they should not be observed, into the pig-sty, and showed him fifty guineas hid in the thatch. That was by no means all his property, but the old fellow said, with a wink, that he liked to have a little hoard of his own that his wife knew nothing about.

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TIGERS IN COCHIN CHINA.—Many of the natives obtain their livelihood by tiger catching, the skin of this animal being valuable They use a novel mode of ensnaring these savage beasts Two Malays generally go in company, and travel over many parts of the country. Those who follow this business regularly, have permits, allowing them to build a hut for their use in any place they think fit. The hut is built on the top of four bamboos, from fifteen to twenty feet high; and, as the tiger cannot climb these, the men can remain in it, and watch their snares in safety. The snare consists of large leaves, or sometimes pieces of paper about six inches square, covered on one side with a substance of the same nature as bird-lime, and containing a poison, the smallest particle of which, getting into the animal's eyes, causes instantaneous and total blindness They are laid about thickly, with the birdlime side upwards, in the track of a tiger; and as sure as the animal puts his paw on one of the treacherous leaves he becomes a victim; for, finding it stick to his foot, he shakes it, by which means other leaves adhere to it; he then probably rubs his paw over his head in the attempt to rid himself of these leafy encumbrances, but they stick to his head and face, he then, perhaps, rolls himself on the ground, when he becomes fairly covered, and, while scratching and rubbing himself to get free, some of the poisonous birdlime gets into his eyes and blinds him. He growls and roars in agony, and this is the signal for his captors to come and despatch him The Malays then skin the animal and take away parts of his body that may be available They leave the carcass well strewn with more leaves as a bait for other tigers. Other animals, and birds also, they ensnare in the same manner.

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James Buchanan, President of the United States, made an election bet in 1819 and lost it, and the deed by which he conveyed the land he forfeited is, in his own handwriting, on file at Warren, Pa.

### OLD TIMES IN PARIS.

IN the early days of Louis XIII's reign the Parliament complained of the gross extravagance of making kitchen apparatus in gold and silver. The coffers in which the King's spoons, forks and knives were kept, to avoid the chance of their being poisoned, were made of exquisitely engraved gold, and yet with all this there was an extraordinary squalor and parsimony. The Queen's maids of honor had no tables provided for them at the palace. After the Queen's supper, they ate up whatever she had left in a scrambling fashion, using her napkin and the remnants of her bread. On one occasion, at a banquet given to the Spanish envoys, the dishes were rifled on their way to table by officers of the King's household, so that when they were set before the guests they were only half full. Again, the complaint of Parliament referred to about the reckless employment of gold and silver was followed by an edict, which was constantly disregarded, against having the floors of houses and bodies of chariots covered with gilding, and while these gilded chariots rolled through Paris no such thing as a glass coach, that is a carriage with glass windows had been seen or thought of. Outside Paris, communication between one place and another was most difficult, and hotel accommodations were so bad that when people traveled from place to place they had beds carried with them on a pack-horse. In Paris itself a person standing in front of the palace and gardens of the Tuileries, and wishing to cross the Seine, would have found no means of doing so but a miserable wooden bridge, and he would have found the streets guarded by chains The streets themselves were so dirty that no one thought of setting foot in them without putting on high boots and the air which passed through those streets was so vile that a certain gentleman living on a certain street, in the time of Louis XIV, found every morning that the bronze fire dogs in his dining room, which looked on the street, were coated with verdigris In the daytime the streets were crowded with mendicants exhibiting all the horrors of their real or feigned maladies At night they were lighted only by lamps, which honest men lighted and rogues as quickly put out. Then the place was given up to ruffianism of every sort. People were robbed of their purses, even of their cloaks, if they were compelled to venture out on foot, and they were generally glad if they got home alive. Thieves and gallants climbed into houses by the aid of rope ladders. Rowdies beat the watch aided to the general disorder, and made it more easy for the hired bravo to ply his hideous trade. Murdered robbers, disguised as cake sellers, enticed the innocent passer by to look at their wares, and, while he was looking, stunned, or more often killed him, and then emptied his pockets. So great was the disorder caused by the entire want of any police arrangements, that so late as 1665 it was a common thing for people to be kidnapped in the streets.

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A foreign paper says a great change has taken place of late years with regard to the estimation in which baldness is held. Fifty years ago it was viewed as a serious infliction, a misfortune to be concealed by a wig or velvet skull cap. In some cases, no doubt, the wig was intended to deceive, and to give a juvenile appearance to the wearer. In the majority of cases, however, the covering was so plainly artificial that it was clearly adopted not from a motive of vanity, but simply to hide an unpleasant object from the eyes of the world. Of late years, however, it would appear, from the habit of wearing beards having come into fashion, baldness is far more common than it used to be. It may be that nature furnishes to each human being a sufficiency of what may be called hair ointment to support an average quantity of hair and when men allow their beards to grow they do so to the detriment of the natural covering of the scalp Certain it is that a large proportion of men with beards begin to grow bald at an abnormally early age Hitherto they have, when questioned been willing to allow they regarded the lack of hair as a drawback to their personal appearance They will now be inclined to take higher ground, for high authorities declare that there is nothing ridiculous or malformed about it, and it confers upon the physiognomy an expression of wisdom, experience, and veneration. It adapts itself marvellously to certain heads which would be deformed by a wig, and is the severe beauty represented in sculpture by the classic head of Æschylus This is consolation, indeed. Henceforth let man bow before the severely beautiful, let there be an end of the use of unguents and oils, and let depilatories take their place upon the toilet tables. Let the thoughtless and giddy keep the hair on their heads, but let all who value the possession of the severe beauty of Æschylus get their heads as bald as a billiard ball without an instant's delay.

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Corn cobs yield twice as much potash as the best specimens of wood, 114,000,000 pounds of potash might be made from our annual corn crop.

# Our Young Folks.

## THE TWO BOTTLES

BY A. MATHESON.

THERE was once a fairy who changed everybody that did not please her, or that she wished to punish, into glasses or bottles, blue, green, red, yellow, violet, or white. The dwelling place of these poor bewitched beings was a large glass palace, and they stood on a soft carpet of black velvet, on which they looked magnificent. Some of these glasses and bottles were adorned with gold, or silver, or gay stones, which gave them a remarkably brilliant appearance. This was their only comfort, for they led the most wearisome life on earth, and did not care to move from the spot. If they wished to speak a confidential word with each other, and bent towards one another, and moved the least bit, a loud "clink clink" was heard at once, and the fairy appeared and commanded silence. So years went past, and the fairy thought: "These good bottles and glasses are now so accustomed to quiet and order that I may for once leave them to themselves, and undertake a journey for my pleasure. They no longer know what freedom is, and will certainly not venture to move and contrive mischief." So thought the fairy, but though she was a fairy and very clever, she was wrong.

After the departure of the fairy the glasses and bottles did not keep themselves by any means so still as she expected. You might very soon have heard a low clinking and clicking, which grew louder and louder, and after the glasses had clinked and tinkled for some hours, they resolved to give themselves a right merry day, and in the evening to dance to their hearts' content. A ball is rather a hazardous amusement for gentlemen and ladies of glass.

In the near neighborhood lived a porcelain scent-bottle, a little artillery officer, who had some very humble acquaintances, for a hot-bottle was his dearest friend, and it was comical to see the elegant little man beside his large, brown, stout friend. But he did not look at the outside, but at the heart, and the heart of the bottle was naturally very warm.

The nimble little officer, who was very fond of dancing, soon heard that a ball was to take place in the glass palace, he got upon his legs and made a visit there. He was rather coldly received, for the glasses and bottles thought, 'People can see into our hearts, but as for a little fellow of such thick material, who can tell what his designs may be?' The officer, however, had very persuasive manners, so in the end he obtained permission to appear at the ball, and also to bring his friend with him (of whom indeed he did not mention that she was a hot bottle). The little officer thought, 'All these fine ladies look so extraordinarily delicate and fragile that an accident might very easily occur if I were by mistake to give them a touch with my spurs, in which I generally dance; but if such a thing happens to my good friend, she dances on quite calmly, as if nothing had occurred, so in her I shall have a partner I can rely on.'

When the evening came and the officer entered accompanied by his worthy friend, who, beside him, looked twice as brown, large, and awkward as usual, all the glasses and bottles drew themselves back in terror, and thought they had been brought into very low company. The officer looked round the room through his eye glass with some embarrassment, but when a gallop was played, he led out his friend courageously, who, while he hopped and hovered, stamped and trampled on steadily, much to the horror of all the glass bottles.

There is much to be said in favor of a hot bottle, but she should not appear at a ball; and our poor lady felt that too, for during the gallop she became warmer and warmer, and at last she almost lost all consciousness, got out of time, stumbled, and crashed down in her fall her weak little partner and at least a dozen of bottles and glasses to the floor, so that there was cluttering and clinking as they fell into a thousand pieces.

What dismay! The hot bottle was on her feet uninjured, however, limped about pitifully and complained of broken limbs, but the shattered fragments changed themselves before all eyes into princes and princesses, young men and maidens, in short, into what they had been before the fairy had enchanted them. One moment the happy ones stood dumb, then clapped their hands and capered about for joy, till they thought of their companions who still stood around in the forms of glasses and bottles. To rush upon them, upset them, pound them and break them was the work of a moment, and in a trice you might have seen in the whole glass palace nothing but happy young people, who soon sought the open air to return to their homes. The spell was broken, the fairy could do them no more harm.

The hot bottle and the little officer looked discontentedly at each other, after a while she said, "This is a strange affair, I will never in my life go to a ball again, and I think, dear friend, you are not suited to dancing either."

"Oh," said the officer, as he rubbed his left leg, and held his head up with an injured air—"a ball without me and my comrades would be terribly dull; but I ought not to have brought you here to-night—that was my mistake."

The good hot bottle, who was a very quiet and peaceable person, did not say a word, but went home; and since that time, when a couple at a ball do not suit each other, or dance awkwardly, people often say: "They are matched like the scent-bottle and the hot bottle."

## THE A-B-C OF FISH.

BY DAVID KER

FEW pleasanter play grounds in fine weather and broad daylight can be found than the slopes of the Rhætian Alps. A little below the snow line, the great ridges widen out here and there into little green terraces of the smoothest turf, covered with soft rich grass; and at a height of six or seven thousand feet above the sea you come upon haymakers at their work, or flocks of sheep and goats feeding, and sunburned men in broad hats eating their bread and cheese in the shade as comfortably as if they were on firm ground in the valley below, instead of being up above the clouds, with frightful precipices all around them.

In such a place did Paul Leland find himself, on a fine autumn afternoon, with a flock of sheep under his own special charge. And he was not a little proud of his trust; for hitherto he had been merely helping his father, and this was the first day of having the whole flock to himself.

During the first part of the day he stuck to his post like a Roman sentinel, and ate his dinner in the very midst of the sheep, with one eye on his food and the other on his flock. But towards afternoon he got tired of this, and seeing them all feeding quietly, and showing no sign of straying, he began to amuse himself.

Suddenly he remembered his flock, which this amusement had put quite out of his head. Suppose some of the sheep should have got lost while he was amusing himself! The very thought sent him flying up the slope at a pace which no one but a mountain boy could have kept up.

Hurrah! there they all were—not one missing! And yet, when he looked again, wasn't there one missing? Yes, there was, one of the lambs was nowhere to be seen.

Now this would have been bad enough of itself, on the very first day of Paul's shepherding, but it happened that this particular lamb was the special pet of his sister Louise, who had fastened a blue ribbon round its neck, and called it Beda, by which name it was known to the whole village.

For a moment poor Paul was quite overwhelmed, and then like a brave boy that he was, he set about doing his best to repair the mischief.

Afternoon had already faded into evening, and if the lost lamb was to be found that night there was no time to lose. Do what he could, it could not have gone, or it must have passed him on the way, and to right and left of the pasture ground stood walls of rock which no lamb could have climbed. Plainly it must be somewhere among the heights overhead, so as soon as he had penned the other sheep safely, up the hill he started.

Suddenly a thought struck him. Skilful in imitation, like all Alpine shepherds, he mimicked the bleat of the ewe calling to her young, repeating it again and again. A lamb's cry at length answered him, far away to the left, and following the sound, he came to a little grassy spot between two tremendous crags, in a nook of which, safe and sound, lay the lost pet.

The little creature seemed quite as glad of the meeting as himself, and frisked around him like a dog, but Paul was far too anxious to get back to his flock before darkness fairly set in to waste any time in rejoicing. He drew a stout cord from his pocket, tied it around the lamb's neck, and turned to descend. Just at that moment the setting sun threw out one final beam of glory illumining the whole landscape, and then plunged behind the mountains, and all was darkness.

Paul troubled himself very little about this just at the first; for he had been out all night on the mountains many a time before now and had never yet failed to find his way. But only a few minutes passed before he felt quite sure that he was going wrong. Dark as it was, he could make out two or three tall pointed rocks standing close together, which he knew he had not seen on the way up, and presently he came upon a broken, rugged bit of ground, cut up by deep hollows, which was perfectly new to him.

He was just about to halt, when all at once he came out upon a steep incline of turf leading easily downward. Rather too easily indeed; for the short dry grass was almost as slippery as ice, and more than once he only saved himself from falling headlong by digging the iron shod heels of his shoes firmly into the ground.

Suddenly the lamb stopped short, and tugged violently at the cord, uttering a shrill, terrified cry. At the same moment Paul's right foot dislodged a large stone which was lying just in front of them.

The stone bounded twice, and then came a long silence, followed by a faint plunge far away. In a moment the boy knew that he was standing upon the brink of a fathomless precipice.

Strong as Paul's nerves were, this discovery almost paralysed him for an instant; and still worse was the thought of having to retrace his steps up that steep slippery incline with this hideous gulf yawning for him in the darkness. But there was nothing else to be done; so up he went, picking his way as cautiously as if treading upon ice, till at length he reached a small patch of tolerably good ground.

Here, feeling about with his spiked staff (for by this time all was dark as midnight) he found two large boulders close together, and crept in between them. Then blocking up the two ends of the narrow hollow with loose stones, to keep off the cold night wind, he lay down, and drawing the lamb close to him for warmth's sake, was fast asleep in a moment.

Day was just breaking, when he was aroused by the bleating of his little companion. A chill white mist overhung the whole mountain, and the air was so cold that Paul's teeth rattled like castanets; but there was at least enough daylight to see his way by, and on he went again. It was not long before he caught sight of a spear pointed crag that had served him as a landmark the day before, and whose position now showed him that he must have wandered completely around the elbow of the mountain, and passed the night on the very brink of the most dangerous precipice in the whole neighborhood! But the mist was now beginning to clear off, and having once ascertained his whereabouts, he was not long in finding his way down to the pasture where he left his flock, the lamb trotting briskly beside him.

He got there not a minute too soon. Hardly had he unpenned the sheep, when he caught sight of a figure advancing towards him from below, in which, as it approached, he recognized his father.

"Has Paul safe already? Come, that's right, I see you're in the way to make a first rate shepherd. Here's some rot o' five (at least it was hot when I started with it), just the thing for this cold morning."

But Paul was thinking of something very different. The undeserved praise seemed to choke him, and without attempting to excuse himself he blurted out the whole story of his carelessness and its result.

"Well, well, my boy," said the old shepherd, clapping him kindly on the shoulder, "if you've made a slip, you've mended it again, so we'll say no more about that. Sit down now, and drink your coffee, but never forget that if it's good to correct a mistake, it's much better to have none to correct."

And Paul never did forget.

## THE NOBLER MAN.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"THAT fellow going!" said Ford Gayler, with an unmistakable frown. In his displeasure, he lost sight of politeness so far as to quite turn his back on Mrs. Page and Marian Conant, and the two pairs of feminine eyes met in a questioning glance.

"Oh Just Carrol," explained Mrs. Page, next moment, in a comprehending tone.

"Why does your brother dislike him so, Mrs. Page?"

"It's a case of mutual antipathy I believe. What is it Marian?" for Miss Conant's countenance had suddenly fallen.

"I really forgot it until this moment, but I promised Mr. Carrol to accompany him upon this excursion. How could I have been so careless! I must appeal to the generosity of one of you gentlemen," she went on, patronizingly as the subject of their conversation approached and Gayler inquired about with a distant glance at him. "I am sorry, it is all my fault."

"After starting with my sister and my self, I think we are bound to claim you," said Gayler, stiffly.

"But Miss Conant's acceptance of my invitation took precedence," expostulated Just.

"Yes," she acknowledged. "And, Mr. Gayler, as you already have one lady upon your hands, you can more willingly pardon my desertion."

Smiling, she took the other's arm and walked away, and was handed to the thronged deck of the steamer a moment later.

Gayler's brows contracted ominously.

"I've had enough without the trip," said he, privately. "Let's go back Sara."

"I wouldn't act like a jealous boor," admonished Sara, calmly. "And there's no reason why you should give up the whole field to Just."

There was something in this, but as the boat pushed away from the wharf, Ford Gayler's angry passions were by no means allayed, and he would have given much for the opportunity to revenge himself upon his rival. But it did not come.

A month later chance sent those two into the same place to pass the summer vacation.

Ford Gayler could not avoid his rival without shortening his holiday, and I'm not sure that he cared to do so—not sure but the reckless malignity he nursed already made dark suggestions within his mind.

His blood was set in a hot whirl one morning by seeing the other poring over a long letter in a woman's dainty handwriting.

Gayler was just setting forth, and he looked back with a menacing glance.

How easy it would be to speed a bullet that would put a stop to all that.

The murderous impulse was strong in his heart! What was to prevent it? Well a shuddering thought of retribution.

But the struggle in his mind kept him out until night came, and with it a tempest of wind and rain, beneath the lashing force of which his situation was not wholly devoid of peril threatened as he was by crashing branches and uptorn trees, following a path which led him upon the verge of a precipice one moment and down a break-neck descent the next.

One could imagine that he would forget ruling passions in that hour, but they sprang up in full force when a vivid flash illumined the landscape to show Carrol standing with bowed head and folded arms upon a jutting cliff before him—just where an unexpected assault could hurl him to death and destruction without a chance to defend or save himself.

The storm drowned every sound of the other's approach; it could not drown his sharp, involuntary cry as a stone turned under his foot, and he slipped, fell, and went headlong over the very descent where he would have buried his victim.

Fortunate for him that it was less steep here than where Carrol stood.

Shelving ledges broke his fall, and not death, but broken bones and serious injuries, were the result. Three weeks later he sat up for the first time.

"Now that you are actually on the straight road to mend, I suppose I must go," Carrol said cheerfully; "but, Gayler, old fellow, there is a word I would like to say before we part."

Not the least of Gayler's sufferings, I fancy, were the coals of fire heaped by the other's devoted kindness upon his head.

"We were not such good friends always," Just went on; "never mind whose fault it was—mine as much as yours, I'll be bound. I had no wish but to win Marian away from you. But since I have had her conditional promise, since I know she is not wholly estranged with me, I have had a touch of conscience about old scores. She might have cared more for you. For! She said in her letter that she doubts herself, and I have made up my mind that she shall have a fair choice. I am going to give her back her freedom, and you your chance for her, and whatever comes I shall try to bear it like a man."

His voice quivered, and Gayler turned away his face.

"You have done much for me," he said, a few minutes later. "Will you do one thing more? Will you take a note from me to Marian?"

It was scarcely an easy thing for Carrol to do in addition to his own generous renunciation, but he did it nevertheless.

And Marian listened to his reasons, and wondered whether she was more glad or sorry to be free again, and thought with a throb of the heart of Ford Gayler, and then read the note it had cost a pang to deliver, and came back to put her hands into his.

"Oh my dear! To think that I should ever have hesitated between you."

For Ford had sent a full confession, and counseled her to give herself to the truer, nobler man of the two.

Hard discipline perhaps, but he was the better for it, never fear.

PRETTYPOS.—Watch any ordinary evening boy or girl people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes a more or less complaining statement of something or other, which, most probably, every one in the room, or the stage, or the car, or the street corner, as it may be, knew before, and which most probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry, somebody has broken an appointment, the cooked a meal; a rapidity or bad luck somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are always plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even if Holy Writ says we are born to trouble as sparks fly upward. But to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of the smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.

"I don't like a coward but I man," said young Sweepstakes to his set out uncle, who was telling the story of his early trials for the one hundredth time. "What do you mean by a coward but I man?" asked his uncle. "A man with only one story," answered the young man. That settled it. Sweeps wasn't mentioned in his uncle's will.

### OLD LETTERS.

BY A. T. S.

My letters! written in my earnest boyhood
To one who left us but the other day,
And I am sitting here, and try to read them
Through tears I do not care to brush away.
Tears for my friend, and tears, ah! much more bitter,
For him, myself, the self that is as dead
As he to whom these faded things were written
Ere youth and trust had from my living fled.

It was myself, remember that, who wrote them;
Read them once more, and note the noble life,
The vast endeavor, and the desperate struggle
To rise above the revelers in the strife;
The sacrifice of self for good of others;
The passion at the sufferings of the poor;
The angry fight 'gainst pride, and sin, and [illegible];
The looking onward when the prize was sure.

Yet he is dead, and I am old and tired;
I do not care if all the world be sin;
I listen dully to my sons' loud vauntings
Of that bright future they are sure to win.
Ah! burn the letters. As they fall to ashes
Methinks they're like our fading mortal dreams,
Words upon words, and little of fulfilment
Of all was promised by our youth's bright gleams!

### CURIOUS NAMES.

THERE never was a more pronounced movement in nomenclature than that of the Puritans. They resolved to throw off all semblance of the world, or acquaintance with worldly things. Such names as Mr. Praise God Barebones, Sergeant Zerubbabel Grace, and Swear-not-at-all Ireton, were calculated to excite the risible faculties of the Cavaliers; while there was something even still more ludicrous in such long-sounding typical names as Mew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord Robinson, Glory-be-to-God Pennyman, and Obadiah-bind-their-king-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron Needham. Mr. Hookinson christened three of his daughters Fersis, Renewed, and Safe-on-high respectively; while another gave to four of his own offspring the names of Much-mercye, Increased, Sin-denie, and Fear-not. Sorry-for-sin Coupard was an peripatetic exhortation to repentance, and Ne-spirit Yyall was a standing denunciation of works. Sir Thomas Carew, Speaker of the House of Commons in James's and Charles's reigns, had a wife Temperance, and four daughters, Patience, Temperance, Prudence, and Silence. In the year 1756 the death of the Rev. Experience Mayhew is recorded, and the baptism of more than one Diligence, Perseverance, Confidence, and Victory. Humiliation was a favorite Christian name with some families, though its bearers were not always as humble as some who have borne the surname of Pride. Preserved was another favorite name, and it is stated that a boy who was washed ashore on the New Jersey coast was named Preserved Fish, a name which he lived to bear with distinction. The other singular Puritan names may be mentioned, namely, Stand-fast-on-high Stringer of Crowhurst, and Search-the-Scriptures Moreton. Such names as Original, Philadelphia, Peasant, and Eden are by no means as yet extinct.

Coming now to surnames, we are astonished at their heterogeneous whimsicality. As a genial essayist has observed the whole of Europe suffered from the deeds of Bonaparte, whose name really means Good-part or Good-side. When the Hollanders were compelled to receive the Prince of Benevento, that august personage must greatly have belied his name with the Dutch, seeing that it signifies "welcome." Amongst nations the Greeks were pre-eminently fond of anticipating the greatness of their offspring by giving them high-sounding names. In some cases their choice proved sublimely ridiculous, and, in still more, exceedingly unfortunate and malapropos. With the word love especially they made sad work. Their lovers of horses (Philippos), who never cared for a horse; their brotherly-lovers (Philadelphos), who cut the throats of their family; and their lovers of the people (Philolaos!), who oppressed the whole community; deserved their appellations quite as much as the great majority of their lovers of wisdom (Philosophos) who disputed so fiercely about the nonentity of pain, or the lawfulness of eating beans. The Athenian populace must have been grievously annoyed to see the philosopher Heavenborn (for this is the meaning of Diogenes) make such a beast of himself.

Other European nations have exhibited equal incongruities in the use of names. Taking first the Romans, it is a mooted point whether the greatest of all names, that of Cæsar, signifies an elephant or red hair; but in any case the great Julius of that ilk was a small-set man with a bald head. Then there are the celebrated warriors and men of genius, the Scipiones or sticks. Daring exploits have rendered illustrious the name of Decius Mus, or General Mouse, while it is not a little singular that some of the most temperate beings mentioned in the whole course of Roman history were their great hogs (Pares Cutones). As regards the Italians, they have been, if possible, even more extravagant. Their history ravishes us with the Benivogli (well-wishers), who have been exceptionally treacherous individuals; with Buoncompagni (good-fellows) and Buonamici (good-friends), who have displayed characteristics the very opposite of those indicated; while a very ugly and uncouth writer went by the name of Angelo Poliziano, or polished angel. Then, too, there was a desperate scoundrel mentioned by Benvenuto Cellini, of the name of Michel Angelo (the Angel Michael), who must not be confounded with the great sculptor and painter of that name. On the other hand, Marmolaus the Barbarian (Barbarus) was one of the most learned and polite men of the fifteenth century. The French also have been almost as infelicitous in the use of names. They have many Capets (heads) who lacked in an extraordinary degree the substance usually found in the cranium—brains. The most sanguinary and cruel of the French Revolutionists was St. Just, or the holy and the just; while many bearing the names of St. Pierre and St. Croix (St. Peters and Holy Crosses) have led vicious and scandalous lives.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—From a collection of what are termed first proofs, or slips containing the mistakes of the newspaper compositor before they come under the notice of the reviser, we cull a few which show the ludicrous nature of printers' errors:—"In the same speech he dwelt on the right which Magland had earned by expenditure of blood and treasure to interference in Turkish provinces; but now, with a leopard and a hound, he has formulated a plan for making the Christian provinces practically autonomous." The conversion of a leap and a bound into a leopard and a hound must have taxed the ingenuity of the compositor, who must have set up the next paragraph, in which we read that "the Christian religion strictly enjoins mahogany," instead of "monogamy." Referring to a writer of queer political notions, a writer is made accountable for saying, "Coming as it does from one who has gained real distinction as a barbarian," when it is obvious he wrote "historian." In the same article we read:—"It is almost incredible that in spite of these facts the ex-Premier should have ventured to tell even a nobby snob that the aim of the government is, etc." Here, of course, the word should be "mob." When Mr. Gladstone is represented as being described by one of his admirers as "the spout of the liberal party," we should understand "spirit" to be intended. We proceed to quote, italicizing the error and quoting the right word within brackets—"The danger of mistaken the poisonous forms of mushroom for those which are not only edible, but wholesome and nutritious, stands in the way of a more general acceptance of the *fungers* [fungus] as an article of food." * * * "On their return, they proceeded to make bread with the recently purchased flour, and having partaken of it, the pair at once became *delicious* [delirious.] * * * "In August, 1855, when he was lessee of the Olympic Theatre, he brought out a piece called Prince *Carnival by damon* [Camaralzaman.]" The compositor is a great master of surprise. He is ready to announce in some sentences that if the *truth* [Turk] cannot hold Constantinople it will fall to the lot of some Aryan power to do so," and in the next proceeds to explain that "the civilization of the Nineteenth century is a *country organ* [purely Aryan] development."

## Grains of Gold.

Suspicions which may be unjust need not be stated.

The art of life is to know how to enjoy a little and to endure much.

Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven, and hell a fable.

The sure way to be cheated is to fancy ourselves more cunning than others.

That conduct often seems ridiculous, the secret reasons of which are wise and solid.

Were we perfectly acquainted with the object, we should never passionately desire it.

Murmur at nothing: if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain.

The best defence against a secret enemy is to make him believe you are not aware of his snares.

Like a piece of steel, the man is the strongest and most elastic who always retains his temper.

An amiable disposition is like sunshine of summer: it sheds a brightness over everything that can be seen.

Virtue does not give talents, but it supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue, nor supply the place of it.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

To excel others is a proof of talent, but to know when to conceal that superiority is a greater proof of prudence.

There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim, with an honorable purpose: it dignifies your nature, and insures you success.

There is nothing so brutally shocking, nor so little forgiven, as a seeming inattention to the person who is speaking to you.

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.

When you are in company, talk often, but never long; in that case if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers.

God will excuse our prayers for ourselves whenever we are prevented from them by being occupied with such good works as will entitle us to the prayers of others.

Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections, will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves, with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life preserver—only put it on at the moment of immediate danger, and then half the time put on wind side before.

Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise whatever.

It is often extremely difficult in the mixed things of this world to act truly and kindly; but therein lies one of the great trials of man—that his sincerity should have kindness in it, and his kindness, truth.

"My boy," said a father to his young son "treat everybody with politeness; even those who are rude to you. Remember that you show courtesy to others, not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

Never seem wiser or more learned than your company. The man who affects to display his learning will be frequently questioned; and, if found superficial, will be ridiculed and despised; if otherwise, he will be deemed a pedant.

It proceeds rather from revenge than malice, when we hear a man affirm that all the world are knaves. For before a man draws this conclusion of the world, the world has usually anticipated him, and concluded all this of him who makes the observation.

Pride often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men; seen through that distance, others perhaps appear little to him; but he forgets that this very distance causes him to appear equally little to others.

Don't live for yourself, and do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by promoting that of others. He who labors wholly for the benefit of others, and, as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions.

## Feminilities.

Some of the most timid girls are not frightened by a loud bang.

A California young man of 26 years has recently married a widow of 73.

The feminine hair now is a large twist, and two curls dangling on the neck.

The latest thing in shoes adopted by fashionable women is the wearing of low flat heels.

Why is a lady's hair like the latest news? Because in the morning we always find it in papers.

The woman who has the best time at a party is the one who has the greatest show of real lace.

Glances in a young woman are charming interpreters which express what the lips would not dare speak.

The latest application for a divorce is from a wife whose complaint is that her husband "does snore so?"

We love handsome women from inclination, homely women from interest, and virtuous women from reason.

An Ohio girl was deserted by her lover at the very foot of the altar. Lucky girl! This is the narrowest escape on record.

My notion of a wife at 40 says a famous author, is that a man should be able to change her, like a bank note, for two 20s.

Parisian actresses wear paper lace a great deal. It is tough, soft and so effective that it cannot be distinguished from real lace.

A man the other day saved his wife from drown, when they were upset in a boat. The danger destroyed his presence of mind!

It is said that in proportion as education and home comforts increase, English women refuse to go into the field as day laborers.

A Connecticut woman failing to induce her husband to move out of a house which she did not like, deliberately destroyed it by fire.

Killing with pickles has become a regular business. The bright green kinds are full of poison. The innocent pickles are duller in color.

"That fellow is just like a telescope," said a dashing New York girl. "You can draw him out, see through him, and shut him up again."

The hair of the red-headed girl is transmuted to auburn, or golden, when she becomes a young lady; the red-headed boy remains red-headed as long as he lives.

Extract from a letter from Angelina:—"Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry, I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. Bye-by, Henry."

A young lady, fond of dancing, traverses in the course of a single season about four hundred miles. Yet no girl would think of walking that distance in six months.

A rural poet in describing his lady-love, says: "She is as graceful as a water-lily, while her breath smells like an armful of clover." His case is certainly approaching a crisis.

A little girl whose father was a merchant tailor, said to her mother: "Mother, I can always tell when pa makes a mistake, because he always gives you and me fits when he comes home."

A French writer says there was once in the environs of Rouen a miller's daughter so pretty and so dead that the signs of her lovers alone served to turn the sails of her father's mill.

The lady students of Harvard College have been deprived of the use of the library. This is a great annoyance to them, as they are now compelled to purchase their own reference books.

Christine Nilsson, the singer, has given her name to some matches, George Sand, the authoress, to a toilet water, and now Sarah Bernhardt, the actress, has lent her signature to a face powder.

A young lawyer in Indiana borrowed a ring from a young lady upon whom he pretended to dote, and pawned the jewel for $1 75 to raise funds to take another lady to see a Humpty Dumpty show.

A Milwaukee policeman has fallen heir to $50 000 and every female cook on his beat was a hint to keep his promise at once, and he wonders how he's going to avoid about forty breach of promise suits.

"What's the matter John? You look very much depressed. Has your bank busted?" "No; but my sweetheart and I have had a quarrel, and I'm so afraid that she'll make up with me, that I don't know what to do."

During a trial, the other day, a policeman testifying with regard to a lady, said, "I know nothing of her except what I hear the neighbors say; and, in my opinion, what women say of one another ain't worthy of belief."

The leader of a desperate gang of Indiana horse thieves, who has just been arrested, is but seventeen years old, and has the appearance of a modest back woods country girl, but she began running off horses when only ten years old.

One of the sex writes rather spitefully, "that though a few American ladies live in idleness, the majority as yet work themselves into early graves—giving the men an opportunity to try two or three in the course of their own vicarious lives."

This woman had outdoor nerves, didn't want to vote, and would hold a husband with a firm grip:—"I beg your pardon, madam," said he, "for the smoke in the room." "Not at all. I rather like it. It smells as if there was a man around."

A middle-aged couple visited Kansas City on their honeymoon journey and stayed at the house of the bride's brother. There the bridegroom fell in love with the bride's niece, won her consent to an elopement, and continued his journey with her.

A Chicago woman broke a kerosene lamp, while drunk, and the blazing oil ran over her. A man undertook to put out the flames, but she furiously fought him off, declaring that the fire felt good, and that it should not be extinguished. She was burned to death.

A poor old woman in Bangor, Me., whose end was evidently near, refused to go to the almshouse unless her dog was allowed to accompany her. A kind neighbor gave her and it a home until death removed her from a cruel world where there are no asylum for indigent dogs.

## News Notes.

No less than 147 steamships were lost last year.

Iowa has fifty thousand more men than women.

Feathers are much in fashion for dressing the hair.

The taste for tiny animals on jewelry still continues.

New bangles have two tiny Japanese fans crossed on the top.

Easter cards are now out, notwithstanding Lent has not begun.

A live spider, rolled up in butter, it is said, will cure warts.

Twenty-eight years ago the first pansy was raised in England.

By moving the jaws vigorously, bleeding of the nose may be stopped.

Fashionable pointed toed shoes are making work for the chiropodists.

On one ranch in Texas a thousand lambs were recently frozen to death.

A site has been granted to a cremation company in the public cemetery at Rome.

"Dear Madam" is a current form of addressing a lady, whether married or single.

The habit of going to bed before eleven o'clock is indispensable to nervous persons.

In New York city they are heating horse cars with sheet-iron boxes filled with hot sand.

In Bucharest they punish political offenders by shaving off their moustaches, the height of cruelty.

Two thousand sleighs, it is reported, were sold in one day recently, by a New York manufacturer.

A span of harnessed wolves were driven through the streets of a far west city a few days since.

The King of Sweden has published a volume under the title of "Poems and Leaves from My Diary."

A French iron-clad took fire at Toulon the other day, and had to be sunk to extinguish the flames.

An Illinois murderer, under sentence of death, whiles away the time in prison by practising jig dancing.

In New Jersey the Grand Jury recommend the re-establishment of the whipping-post for wife beaters.

Richard A. Proctor, who a few years ago was an unknown druggist, is now at the head of the astronomers in England.

The last distich of Mother Shipton's prophecy about the world coming to an end in 1881, was looked on by a modern writer.

The Russian army has 25 000 officers, which just equals the whole army of the United States, counting in hospital stewards and the rest.

The original Anderson, Hermann Bliss, and Heller, the renowned magicians, are all dead; yet performers are travelling under all these names.

William Cullen Bryant the poet, left the bar because of a mistake in one of his early pleadings, wherein he neglected a technical formula, and so lost his case.

The British Parliament has passed a "shop keeper's bill." It relieves the husband from liability for his wife's debts when they are contracted without his authority.

A gentleman of Lancaster county, recently deceased, was the father of fifteen children nine of whom became ministers of the gospel. Eight of the latter are still living.

A jury in New York decided that a church-goer had a right to sit in his pew in the German Lutheran church with his feet elevated on the back of the seat in front of him.

It is asserted that the horse which John Wilkes Booth rode to the place of his capture after President Lincoln's assassination, belongs to a Massachusetts man, and is a good traveler, though 28 years old.

A covetous little girl in Tinsville took a litter of puppies, which she prized highly, to a next-door neighbor, and wished to exchange them for a newly-arrived baby. She was greatly disappointed when her offer was refused.

A housekeeper in Toronto refused to allow the body of a woman who had died on his premises to be removed for burial unless he was paid $20 for rent and attendance. He also presented another bill for $25 alleging that visitors had worn out his carpet.

An Egyptian dignitary has been condemned to death for murdering and plundering rich ladies, whom he enticed by pretending to cure the most difficult diseases. Poor patients he sent away unbenefited with some specific, while those wearing jewelry and costly dresses he made away with. He confessed to eighteen of such crimes.

A recent number of Science Gossip gives an account of a working naturalist living in Leeds who used to prepare for sale toads stated to have been found in beds of coal, by baking them perfectly hard and black in an oven, and then taking square pieces of coal, and, after splitting them carefully, cut a hollow in each portion to receive the ancient reptile.

The moccasins, necklace, and other barbarous personal property of "Don't-Know-How," a member of the Yanktonnais tribe of Sioux, have been received by Secretary Schurz, by mail, that Indian having no further use for them. The gift is accompanied by a letter setting forth that two years ago the writer having earned $35 by working, became a trader in a small way at the agency. He is now worth about $1 500, made in trade, and signs his name "D. K. Howe," instead of his former evidently inappropriate Indian title.

EXPOSURE TO DRAFTS WHEN HEATED, and sudden changes in the temperature of the atmosphere, are prolific sources of severe Colds, from which many cases of Inflammation of the Lungs, Pleurisy, Asthma, and other Pulmonary Affections are developed. Should you unfortunately contract a Cold, resort at once to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy that will not only promptly cure Coughs and Colds, but will relieve and strengthen the Pulmonary and Bronchial Organs, and remove all dangerous symptoms.

# New Publications.

A book that is almost worth its weight in gold to everyone, and more particularly those who, in the country, are out of ready reach of the city papers, is "Frauds Exposed; or, How the People are Deceived and Robbed, and Youth Corrupted,—Through the Mails," by Anthony Comstock, for seven years a special agent, Post Office Department, and secretary and chief agent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. A complete exposure of "bogus bankers and brokers," stock, mining, bogus lottery, gift concert, mercantile prize association, bogus medical institute, quack, sewing machine, gun, jewelry frauds, book, counterfeit money, saw dust, and other swindling devices by the sharper through the mails; also evil of obscene literature, and efforts of the infidel and liberal to defend this execrable business, and repeal laws made for its suppression. Every clergyman, parent, and teacher should become familiar with the facts it contains. It has been this gentleman's mission to run to earth the numerous swindles that are carried on through the mails to deceive the unwary; and the result is shown in this not only useful but highly entertaining volume. After reading this, one learns much of, and sees clearly, the method in which many of these scoundrels operate. If Mr. Comstock could publish a list of all the *frauds* who are *now* flooding the country with their specious promises and cunningly-worded advertisements, he would do a real service to the whole community, and to legitimate advertisers in particular. The mission of this work is to familiarize the people with the methods of prominent swindlers, and thus educate them to a discrimination by which they may determine the difference between false and genuine. It is a work that will pay for itself a hundred times over in what it tells, and what it teaches. The author has been the foremost in rooting out the leeches that bled the unwary by their deceptive promises and organized rascality, and his exposure goes to the bottom in every case. In order that people may see for themselves what it contains, we give herewith a partial summary of its contents: "Bogus Bankers and Brokers," "Marginal and Syndicate Operators," "The Leeches," "Bogus Mining Companies," "Bogus Jewelry Frauds," "Laws Concerning Lotteries and Gaming," "The Fight Against Obscene Literature," "Obscene Publications," "Infidelity Wedded to Obscenity," "The National Defence Association," "Impostors Unearthed" "How the Laws are Enforced," "Anthony Comstock vs. Reputation." The book is an octavo, 776 pages, appropriately illustrated, printed on extra calendared paper, and elegantly bound, making an unusually attractive and substantial book. Sold only by subscription. Prices: Extra "Old gold" cloth, ink and gold stamp $5 50; sheep, library style $4 50; half Morocco, gilt edges, $6 50. J. Howard Brown, 717 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, and 61 Park Place, New York; sole agent for the subscription publications of the American News Company.

"Five Little Southerners," by Mary W. Porter, author of "Poor Pa." This new book of Miss Porter's is a bright and jolly story. From the beginning of the first chapter to the end of the last the interest does not flag for a moment, and the experiences, adventures and mis-adventures of these five irrepressible little Southerners are very entertaining. The impulsive but noble little fellows John and Gerald, tomboy Madge, and roley-poley Fifine; the irrepressible Arianna Greer, the "Topsy" of the plantation, and old Uncle Jake, the colored gardener. Altogether, the book will furnish a rich source of enjoyment for young readers, and ought to make a decided impression. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, publishers. Price, $1.00

"The American Code of Manners: A Study of the Usages, Laws and Observances which Govern Intercourse in the best Social Circles, and of the Principles which Underlie them." The above is the title of a book reprinted from "Andrews American Queen." It has more than the average merit, but all the faults of its kind. It is written more particularly for the better classes of society. Occasionally there may be a hint which the unlicked social cub will find useful in the formative process, but these are comparatively few. Like the majority of writers on the subject, the author almost ignores, in his lessons and their applications, the "lower million." Those who can understandingly read the work by the light of their circumstances, are not in need of its teachings, and those whose condition is not up to the standard apparently required by its code, cannot use them. It is rather entertainingly written, so far as composition goes, and may amuse where it fails to instruct. In printing and in binding also it is very neat and compact. For sale by Peterson & Bros., this city.

MAGAZINES.

A perusal of the table of the table of contents of the Midwinter (February) Scribner shows it to be a number of unusual variety. The first of these in popular interest is, perhaps, Mrs. Frances H. Burnett's serial, "A Fair Barbarian," which is considered good enough to be reprinted from "Peterson's"—the audiences of the two magazines being thought to be sufficiently different to insure a welcome for the story in its new home. "Norways Constitutional Struggle," by Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the Norse poet, will have special interest from the author's present sojourn in this country, and from the contumely he has received at the hands of King Oscar for his pronounced republican views. "The Music of Niagara," by Eugene M. Thayer, the Boston organist and musician, is a curious paper, in which the author says the fall does not "roar," but "sings." "How the New Testament Came Down to Us," by Prof. George P. Fisher, of Yale College, a recognized authority on such subjects, will be eagerly read by those who are looking forward to the new edition of the New Testament. "Thackeray's Relations to English Society," by S. S. Nadal, is a thoughtful study, which will interest readers of Thackeray whether they dissent from its conclusions or not. "Agricultural Experiment Stations," by Charles Barnard, is the first magazine account of a growing public educational influence. "Some Quacks" is a humorous paper by Edward Eggleston. "Notes of a Walker" consists of a memoranda by John Burroughs, that acute observer and delightful writer. "Aunt Cinda's Ranch" is a sketch of prairie life, by Henry King. The illustrated papers embrace Mr. G. P. Lathrop's essay on "John La Farge;" "An Old Virginia Town," by Robert Blum and F. H. Lungren; several fine portraits accompany a paper on "Foreign Actors in America," by J. Brander Matthews; "Peter the Great" is also illustrated, and deals largely with the personal life of the Czar. Besides this array of leading articles, the Departments all contain plenty of matter pertaining to subjects interesting to all. The whole number in every way keeps up the even additional excellence generally expected in this issue. Scribner & Co., New York, publishers.

## MY KNIGHT.

Sir Thomas stands on his castle high,
In surcoat of goodly grey;
Before the flash of his blazing eye
The foeman hurries away.

His mantle is slashed with bars of black,
His crest is the raven's hue;
And woe to the coward who bars his track,
Or dares him to derring-do!

His grey moustache can quiver with rage,
Though in peace he is meek and mild—
For all his battles and all his age,
Ay! meek as a chrisom child.

The hand of steel in the velvet glove
Is the boast of this doughty knight,
And well he loveth his lady-love,
But better he loves the fight.

In depths of midnight or early morn
You hear his war cry shrill;
Or over the red cock sounds his horn
From the farm-yard on the hill!

Brave and crafty, yet sweet of heart,
He carries his banner bold,
A waving pennon, through field or mart,
Right into his foeman's hold.

The crash of battle, the warrior yell,
May startle the sleeping town;
But never a word of his prowess he'll tell,
Or boast of his great renown.

Come here, Sir Thomas, my gracious knight;
Come lie in thy lady's lap;
Hast thou been at the valorous work all night?
And needest a morning nap?

Come quaff the milk-cup and rend the meat
I spread on thy board so fine;
Thy well-earned slumber shall be full sweet,
Thou dear old cat of mine.

# The World of Humor.

Wall posted—A telegraph line

Taken on the spot—The measles.

A life-long attachment—An elephant's trunk.

The contribution box is a kind of a catch-penny affair.

Bell remedy circulars should be printed on a Job press.

The product of the still—The deaf and dumb alphabet.

The only kind of cake children don't cry for—A cake of soap.

The Chinese fire-cracker must go. It is good for nothing if it will not.

It is the man with the lottery ticket who looks out for the number won.

A new broom may sweep clean, but it is not of much use unless it sweeps dirt.

The letter "e" is like many men. It is first in everything, but ends in smoke.

A light weight—Waiting with the gas turned on full for the old folks to go to bed.

A beggar set up business the other day with a small sign reading: "Help wanted."

An exchange says you may give the cold shoulder to the poor; but let it be of mutton.

This is the whole thing in a nutshell, as the squirrel said when he extracted the kernel.

It is a difficult thing for a dog without a tail to show his master how much he thinks of him.

Form of telegram to your shoemaker: "Make me another pair exactly like my last."

The man who tried to light his pipe with a billiard match, said he did it out of curiosity.

A dog which won't run from an elephant will break his neck trying to get away from an oyster can.

Wanted—a bank. It must be sound in every respect, gentle and kind, and warranted not to break.

Even dumb animals exhibit attachment. The horse is always attached to the vehicle which he draws.

In case of a prolonged Indian war there will probably be good slaying on the frontier all next summer.

An adventurer, writing from Deadwood, says: "A man's life here is worth about fifty cents on the dollar."

Wood is so expensive now-a-days in Connecticut that real nutmegs are cheaper than the Connecticut article.

The water in an Ohio town is so bad that a correspondent says "it is almost cruel to squirt it on a decent fire."

Can anybody explain why late comers and early-goers at popular entertainments invariably have creaky boots?

Inquirer—A jury is a body organized for the purpose of deciding which side in a lawsuit has the smartest lawyer.

Yes, a man who is continually sticking his nose into other people's business can be said to possess a roamin' nose.

There is nothing marvellous about the laying on of hands. Hands laid on smartly and vigorously have cured many small boys of badness.

An exchange speaks of a pig born with a trunk. We suspected it all along, for we've often seen them in the cars with a valise.

"Give me the hand that will never deceive me," sings the poet. He wants the cards "stocked" so as to bring the four aces into his fist.

When a man says "I hear a noise," it probably never occurs to him that there is nothing in this wide world that anybody can hear but a noise.

When a policeman has been three days without clubbing anybody, it is hard work for him to tell the difference between a sick man and a drunken one.

How do you know that there were railroads in the days of Solomon? Because it is stated that when the Queen of Sheba came to visit him, she came with a great train.

A London cabman called out after a smart, dapper little gentleman who affects large hats, "Come out of that hat, will yer? I knows yer in it, 'coz I sees yer feet."

When Phaeton tried to guide the chariot of the sun he scorched the earth by his wild driving. Our new weather man in Washington seems to have gone to the other extreme.

A New Orleans doctor, speaking of yellow fever, says: "The fever has a certain course to run. Keep the patient from dying, and he'll surely get well." There's wisdom for you.

The cold in Florida has been so severe that oranges were frozen upon the trees. The crop could have been remunerative by covering the oranges with leather and selling them for base-balls.

The three wonders of the world at present are: How fluff accumulates in vest pockets, where the pins go to, and why, when a man comes out of a saloon, he looks one way and goes the other.

We think we have solved the problem, "Where do all the pins go to?" They go to waist. Any young gentleman whose arm has encircled a feminine waist has easily found one or more of them.

It is true, as the preacher says, that we should not strive to lay up wealth on earth, but cut down the salary of any one of them and see how quick he'll lay his plans to get a "call" at the old figure.

"When a vessel loses its mast, why do they call a temporary one a jury mast, father?" "I'm sure I don't know," said the father, "unless it is because it's a mast that doesn't amount to much." What an idea, to be sure.

Texas papers are speaking of the late George Eliot as "a very gifted, but very immoral man." Yes, poor fellow! he had his weaknesses, but as a pugilist he stood unrivalled; England will not soon forget his celebrated Mill on The Floss.

Flasher, having had his portrait painted, asks the opinion of his friend Dabbs, a retired house-painter. Dabbs—"Well, it's like you; but if you've paid twenty-five dollars for it you've been done. Why, there ain't half a pound of paint on the whole thing!"

There are mean men in the world. A while ago a "living skeleton" in a circus—the thinnest one ever known, he was—got religion. And a society educated him for the ministry and sent him as a missionary to the Cannibal Islands. Imagine the disgust of the Cannibals.

"My wife lost her pocket book, with $15 in it, to-day," said a sad-looking man. "When—going down town or coming home?" asked somebody. "When? Didn't I tell you she had some money in it?" demanded the sad-looking man; and everybody knew when she lost it.

"Mamma," said a little down town chap as his indulgent parent gave him a second piece of pumpkin pie, "mamma, I guess this is a locomotive pie." "Why so?" queried his puzzled parent. "'Cause, mamma, it goes so fast!" And in two minutes he passed his plate for a third time.

The English journals declare the credit of the United States is as good in Europe as that of any nation in the world. That explains why so many Americans rush over to Europe every summer. Good! If the credit holds out until the bridge is finished, we'll try it some day.

I waited anxiously with dread unfeigned—I held my breath; my utterances were choked—My muscles twitched, my every nerve was strained—With humid tears my handkerchief was soaked—Till in a moment agony was ceased—I quickly turned my head aside and—sneezed.

To restore nerve and brain waste, nothing equals Hop Bitters. Believe this. See another column.

An Illinois editor, having engaged a new reporter, received the following as his first effort: "We are informed that the gentleman who stood on his feet under a pile-driver for the purpose of having a tile pair of buties druv on, shortly afterwards found himself in Chiny, perfectly naked, and without a cent in his pocket."

Some philanthropist sent a Bible to a Milwaukee editor in hopes of doing him some good; he thought it was a new publication, and wrote a review of it, in which he said the production was a failure. If it was intended for a novel it lacked plot, and if for a history it was full of improbable incidents. He couldn't recommend it.

A man in Iowa had his nose bitten off the other day in an affray begun by himself. Of course he is in no danger of being indicted for getting up the quarrel. Any grand jury that may examine his case and face will have to report "No bill found."

A prudent and far-seeing mother married her two daughters some years ago to an ice man and a plumber, and now, no matter whether there is a mild winter or a severe one, she has a box at the opera, and spends the next summer at Newport, or goes to Europe with one or the other of her sons-in-law.

The Legislature of Illinois having proposed to pass a bill requiring hotel-keepers to furnish every room above the second story with a rope ladder, as a fire-escape, the landlords hit back by saying that it is a mere device on the part of the legislators to enable them to slip away from their hotel rooms without paying their bills.

A commercial traveler from Boston having had a run of hard luck in prosecuting business on the road, received from his firm the following exhilarating dispatch: "If you can't make expenses, come home at once." To which he sent the following reply: "All right; can make plenty of expenses, but no sales. Will follow your implication, and make an effort to increase expenses."

Jones had engaged a man to dig a well at his suburban place. Setting him a month later, Jones asked him how he was getting along with his work, and was told that the well was half done. Judge, therefore, of his surprise when, a week after his conversation, upon visiting the premises, he found only a circle marked in the earth. Of course he hunted up the man, and of course he asked him what he meant by saying the well was half done. The man very coolly replied: "So it is; well begun is half done, you know." Jones was too obtuse to see anything to laugh at.


**Consumption Cured.**

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

**A Card.**

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 26 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

CANVASSERS Make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. S. RIDEOUT & CO., 19 Barclay street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms.

Cole & Brother, of Paris, Iowa, offer to send their Illustrated Garden Guide free. Our readers should send for it.

Hop Bitters strengthens, builds up and cures continually, from the first dose. See another column.

**When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

**No Time Should be Lost**

If the stomach, liver and bowels are affected to adopt the sure remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named beget others far more serious, and a delay is therefore hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily trouble if trifled with. Lose no time in using this effective, safe and long known medicine. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

MAGIC LANTERNS.—Illustrated Catalogue, 10c. Theo. J. Harbach, 809 Filbert St., Philadel'a, Pa.

50 Gold and Floral Chromo Cards No 2 alike 10c. Agents big outfit 10c. Card Factory, Shelton, Ct.

# DR. RADWAY'S
# SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

**THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,**

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.
BE IT SEATED IN THE
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But there is another still more marked. The old muff was nearly always of fur; the new muff may be formed of satin silk, velvet plush, Indian cashmere, lace or feathers, to suit the taste, and match the costume of the wearer. For instance, the muff we are now going to describe is composed of black satin and black Spanish lace. The extreme outside trimming consists of deep Spanish lace sewn round full so as to droop gracefully down on either side. Falling almost half way over the lace is a full satin frill, two inches deep. All the rest of the muff, from the frill on one side to the frill of the other, consists of finely drawn satin. The top is finished off by a large row of reversible black and heliotrope-colored satin ribbon, the ends of which fall down in front. To make this muff you will require one yard and three-eighths of satin cut on the cross, half a yard of wadding, three and a quarter yards of broad black Spanish lace, one and a half yards of satin ribbon, and a skein of black silk twist.

You begin by making the foundation of the muff. You first cut off a piece of satin measuring sixteen and one half inches. For the benefit of those to whom cutting on the cross is a mystery, we will say that an easy way of doing this is to measure along the selvedge a length of sixteen and one-half inches, and then to make a snip with the scissors. Do the same on the opposite selvedge side. Then take a ruler or smooth cane, and place it on the stuff, so that it stands from snip to snip; with a piece of chalk draw a narrow line, and cut along it. Having your piece of satin before you, you now cut off so much from each end as will leave you a straight piece measuring eighteen inches long and thirteen and a quarter inches broad. You then take the wadding and arrange it into an oval shape (somewhat like an ordinary dish, but not perfectly rounded at the top and bottom.) The wadding when thus arranged must measure seventeen inches in length, nine and one half in breadth at the widest part, and seven and one-half inches in breadth, if you draw a line across about three inches from either the top or bottom. Now place the piece of satin on the table before you, right side downwards, and lay the wadding upon it; as the piece of satin is considerably broader, and slightly longer than your oval arrangement of wadding, it follows that you will find a certain margin of satin is not covered by the wadding. This margin you must therefore now turn over the wadding and tack down, taking care not to carry your stitches through to the other side. After this join the top and bottom together, remembering that it is the wadding side which comes outermost. The reason why you can do with a piece of material only wide enough to border the wadding like a frame, instead of covering it entirely as on the under side, is just this: The side where the wadding is exposed forms the outside of the muff, which will be entirely hidden by the the drawn satin folds of silk or other covering you select. Upon the prepared foundation you now sew the Spanish lace at a distance of an inch and three-quarters from the extreme edge. You will require three and a quarter yards to go round the two sides, for it has to be sewn on full. This lace must be about four or five inches wide, in order that it may project two and a quarter inches beyond the sides of the muff. Having done this, you turn your attention to the flounced and drawn piece of satin which is to be placed round the muff.

As already stated, for the whole muff we should require exactly one and three-eighths of a yard of satin cut on the the cross; now one yard and three-eighths divides into three equal pieces, each measuring sixteen and one half inches across the selvedge. One of these pieces is required for the foundation of the muff; the other two are just sufficient for the outside. You first join them together so as to get (when you have cut off the points) a length of about fifty inches. Then turn down two and a quarter inches on each side, and proceed to do ten rows of the finest possible running (gauging from top to bottom.) Your first row of running must be began two inches from the extreme edge of the right hand side, and the other rows must be at such a distance as will lead to the tenth row being exactly the same distance of two inches from the extreme edge on the left hand side. Having done the ten rows of running, pull the fine threads simultaneously, so that the satin is drawn up into a length of eighteen inches. You now have an arrangement before you eighteen inches long and twelve and a half inches wide, two inches on each side forming a frill, and the remaining eight and a half inches consisting of the drawn satin surface. Join the two ends now, and slip the covering over your foundation. The seam of the outer portion of the muff must come over the seam of inside lining, and you must be careful here to take a couple of stitches right through the muff, so as to bring the right and left hand sides slightly together.

The distinguishing characteristic of this muff as regards its shape, is that it is narrower at the top than it is at the bottom. This narrowness is given partly by the shape of the foundation, but partly also by the process described above. Nothing now remains but to add the bow. This takes one yard and a half of reversible ribbon. It is immaterial whether you make the bow parti-colored or whether, as in the muff we are describing, you keep the black outside, and only allow the colored side to gleam through here and there where a loop gets displaced or an end turned over. The important thing is to have your bow the proper size. One short loop and one short end should fall down at the back of the muff. Two long loops, with a short end under the right hand loop should stretch across the top, and one long loop and one long end should fall down in front. This particular-shaped muff need not, of course, be only made in satin and lace. I saw a very handsome one made in purple plush, lined with old gold-colored plush, and trimmed with old gold lace. A spray of leaves made in old gold-colored plush surrounded the top.

Again, I have seen one or two made in fine Indian cashmere, lined with peacock blue. It must be borne in mind, however, that if the lining be of a different material or color to the outside covering, you will need one yard and a half of stuff instead of only one yard and three-eighths; for, though the foundation still needs only sixteen and a half inches, you will be forced to buy half a yard for it, because sixteen and a half inches is not a length that is ever cut.

Among a countless number of ornaments and trinkets of all kinds, there is a pretty and quite a novel fancy for fan brooches, made of shells and feathers, imitating exactly the feather fans so fashionable at the present time, and made with perfect taste and skill. They are charmingly pretty, worn with a lace bow, or resting on soft bouillonnes of fine muslin. Beads are very much used with the Dauphin collars, and for young girls there is nothing so pretty as a parure of cream-colored surah bordered with a deep edging of white glass beads. The very questionable taste shown in the preference for jewelry imitating animals continues with a slight difference. The favorite insect is the spider, the body a pearl, the eyes two rubies, and the legs studded with small diamonds. In quadrupeds, these at present in favor are bulls, Spanish mules with all their gay harness and trappings, goats, and elephants.

One of the most elegant dress trimmings now in vogue is chenille fringe, deep enough [illegible] of the skirt from the belt to the hem. Each strand of the chenille is finished at the end with a bead of the same color as itself.

Hair-dressing is undergoing important modifications; bandeaux, whether plain or waved, have become a weariness, and flat chignons breed ennui. Light curls are coming in again, and the whole coiffure is less compact and clinging. For evening and dinner toilettes, bands of gold or silver, studded with pearls or precious stones, are worn in the hair.

Curls and frizzles are becoming to all faces, while none but a cameo profile and classically-shaped head can really appear to advantage with plain bandeaux and a simply coiled chignon. I have no doubt, therefore, that a more elaborate and becoming style of coiffure will be adopted this winter, especially for evening toilettes.

Tournures, as bustles are elegantly called, are decidedly returning into fashion, especially for short dresses. A few good makers are even beginning to add two rows of steel into the back of these bustles, but only at the bottom and underneath the flounces of them. I have even seen short skirts made like bustles at the back, with two rows of steel round the bottom. This looks like an attempt to revive crinoline. As yet only the back is steeled and puffed out. With tight skirts, however, steel will be perfectly impossible. We may presume, then, that tight skirts are on the eve of disappearing. Well, they have now lasted for several years, and hoops may think it is their turn again.

As for train skirts, which are only trains without fronts, to be fastened to the interior of the dress, these are more elegant than the dresses themselves. They are a mass of lace, and flounces and puffs placed one at the top of the other in the most bewildering confusion and elegance. They are marvels of taste.

## Fireside Chat.

SUGAR PASTE, for icing and ornamenting cakes and pastry, which is best adapted to family use, is that mixed simply with white of egg, sugar, and a little acid. The more delicate preparations employed by confectioners are usually found too troublesome for private kitchens; nevertheless, with suitable utensils and due attention to directions, they can be successfully accomplished. Boiling sugar to a given strength requires some practice, and it is impossible for a tyro to get satisfactory results without the use of the sprup gauge. The highest point for boiling sugar is 30°, when it becomes caramel; care is required to prevent the syrup reaching this point, as the least tinge of color spoils it for white icing. To boil sugar for icing fine cakes, break up three pounds of lump sugar into large pieces, put it into a stew-pan or sugar-boiler with two quarts of filtered water; let the syrup boil gently, and remove all scum as it rises. A little cold water thrown in from time to time assists in making the scum rise; and if the sugar were of the best kind no other process of clarification should be needful to make a perfectly bright syrup. Boil until the syrup will register 32°.

Sugar Icing (No. 1)—Put in a copper stew-pan or sugar-boiler a gill of syrup—that is, sugar boiled as in above recipe to 32°; add the juice of two lemons, or, in measure, half a gill. Mix in by degrees a pound of the finest icing sugar, or as much as will make a stiff paste, and work over the fire until smooth and warm, in which state it requires to be put on the cakes. In order that it may not get cold before all is used, let the pan stand in another containing hot water, or a few drops of hot water may be added from time to time.

To give any required color to icing, use the best colorings. The vegetable carmine is particularly good.

Orange or Lemon Icing.—Steep the peel in the syrup to be used for making the icing, for an hour, using the juice well strained. The color of orange is given by a few drops of carmine mixed with yellow coloring. Other fruit icings, as raspberry, strawberry, pine-apple, etc., are made by mixing the juice with the syrup instead of that of lemon, the appropriate color being given in each case.

Coffee Icing.—Add to the syrup the strongest extract of coffee in sufficient quantity to give the desired flavor and color.

Chocolate Icing.—Mix half an ounce of cocoa with a gill of syrup, taking care it is smooth, and finish as No. 1.

Brandy Icing.—For this icing the syrup should register 32° (liquors being already sweetened) will require syrup of 32° only.

Sugar Icing (No. 2)—No icing can be successfully done unless the sugar is of the finest kind, perfectly white, and so finely sifted as hardly to be distinguished by the eye from good potato flour. The process of sifting sugar at home is somewhat slow and troublesome, but by so doing a perfectly pure article is secured. After being crushed, the sugar should be passed through sieves of varying fineness and, finally, through one made for the purpose, or, failing this, very fine muslin will answer. When the sugar has been sifted at home, and it is certain there is no admixture of any kind with it, a small quantity of potato flour may be added; it induces sweetness, and does not interfere with the result of the process. If the sugar is not sifted very fine, a much longer time will be required to make the icing, and in the end it will not look as smooth as it ought to do. Confectioners use pyroligneous acid instead of lemon juice, and there is no objection to it in small quantities. To make the icing: Beat up the white of two eggs for half a minute, work in by degrees one pound of fine icing sugar, adding from time to time a teasp enful of lemon juice or a few drops of pyroligneous acid, which will assist in keeping the icing white; or a slight tinge of stone blue has the same effect. If potato flour is used, mix it thoroughly with the sugar before adding it to the white of egg. A little more or less sugar may be required as the result is in a great measure determined by the method of the operator; and when the paste is perfectly smooth, and will spread without running, it is fit for use. For icing large cakes, confectioners use a stand which has a revolving board, so that cakes can be conveniently turned about; failing this, an ordinary board or inverted plate can be made to answer. As soon as the icing is spread on the cake, it must be dried in an oven with the door open. It is sometimes found sufficient to keep the cake in a hot room for a few hours. If too great heat is used the icing will crack.

To Ornament Cakes.—To make any kind of ornament for cakes the icing must be perfectly smooth, and in fit for use when it remains in a given shape. Only simple tools are required for even a rich ornamentation of cakes, and practised hands can accomplish great things with a paper funnel; this is made like a grocer's cone sugar bag, with an opening at the point large enough to admit of the required size of ornament being forced through it. Tin tubes of various sizes and shapes are to be bought, to be fitted as noxxles to paper funnels. To make a piping or a running pattern on a cake, put some icing into a paper funnel, and, holding it in much the same manner as a pen, press out, but not too near the point, in the desired pattern. This can be varied by using a tin tube in the paper funnel, with the point silver as to mark the sugar as it is pressed out. Tubes for shaping leaves and flowers are made, and to use these it is necessary to have a lesson, in order to secure a uniform pattern, and even letters on a christening or birthday cake: it will be as well for an inexperienced hand first to trace the design lightly with a pencil.

Almond Paste.—Blanch one-half pound of sweet, and one ounce of bitter almonds, pound them in a mortar, adding a little rose water as you go on to prevent oiling, and when all the almonds are reduced to a perfectly smooth paste, mix them with an equal weight of icing sugar. If the paste is required to be very smooth, the almonds after pounding must be rubbed through a sieve, the residue being again pounded. Moisten the paste with the white of an egg, and spread it evenly on the cake, allowing it to become dry and firm before spreading over the cake. This paste can be used for making several kinds of cakes and sweetmeats, and without the white of egg can be kept in bottles for some time. Almond paste can be made from bitter almonds which have been infused in spirit to make the extract for flavoring, and in this case no sweet almonds will be required.

ABOUT MAN.—The average weight of an adult man is 148 pounds 8 ounces; the average weight of a skeleton is about 14 pounds; the number of bones 240; the skeleton measures one inch less than the height of the living man; the average weight of the brain of man is 3½ pounds; of a woman 2 pounds 11 ounces; the brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal; the average number of teeth is 31; a man breathes about twenty times in a minute, or 1,200 times in an hour; a man breathes about eighteen pints of air in a minute, or upwards of seven hogsheads in a day; a man gives off 4.06 cent carbonic gas of the air he respires; respires 19 666 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in twenty-four hours; consumes 19 667 cubic feet of oxygen in twenty-four hours, equal to 166 cubic inches of common air; a man yearly contributes to vegetation 134 pounds of carbon; the average of the pulse in infancy is 140 per minute; in manhood 80, at sixty years 65; the pulse of females is more frequent than that of males; the weight of the circulating blood is about 28 pounds; the heart beats 75 times in a minute, sends nearly ten pounds of blood through the veins at each beat, makes four beats while we breathe once; 540 pounds, or 1 hogshead 1¼ pints of blood pass through the heart in twenty-four hours; 1,000 ounces of blood pass through the kidneys in the short space of one hour.

# Answers to Inquirers.

E. J. T. (So. Wallingford, Vt.)—We know of no house in the business.

A. E. S. (Livingston, Ky.)—The company is reliable, and will do all they promise.

J. R. (Ionia, Mich.)—Cyanide of potassium will most probably take the marking ink out of the linen.

POET. (West Wellington, Conn.)—Just at present we have no need of anything in the line you mention.

M. C. M. (Petersville, Va.)—Send a postal addressed to yourself, and we will forward the required information.

SUBSCRIBER. (Baltimore, Md.)—Your question was answered several weeks since. We can only refer you to the advice then given.

M. J. K. (Fogelsville, Pa.)—We do not think the series has been published in book form, although the compiler at one time intended doing so.

HOUSEBOUND. (Armstrong, Pa.)—Thimbles are very ancient. Some were found in the buried city of Herculaneum. In England they date from the end of the seventeenth century.

MAGGIE. (Clinton, Ill.)—There is no harm in you visiting at the house of the young gentleman's parents, since it is by their invitation that you go, and the mother herself specially courts your society.

FLEMYA. (Washington, D. C.)—1. We do not think the use of a black veil worn over the face would be appropriate under any circumstances at a wedding. 2. If the bride has no bridesmaids, it would seem as if she must remove her glove herself.

A. C. B. (Slippery Rock, Pa.)—It is much cheaper to buy paints in small quantities ready made, than to make them. Drug stores and country drug stores particularly—usually sell them. To make paint it would be necessary to buy the raw material, grind and mix all of which would cost unnecessary trouble and expense.

I. W. P. (Adams, Pa.)—Your question is one that involves more research than we have time to go through with, and we know of no authority in the matter to which to refer you. To ascertain the matter accurately would seem to require an examination of the court records of all the different States. Should we ascertain, however, we will make it known in a future number.

LUCY D. (Jasper, Miss.)—When a lady has broken off a marriage engagement and then wishes to retract her "breaking off," she is an awkward position. Should she inform the other party that she repents of her withdrawal from the engagement, he might humiliate her by retorting that he felt no inclination to renew the alliance. All that a lady can do who is thus situated, is to bide her time, and take whatever may come.

CONSTANCE. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We fear your qualifications cannot be sufficient (judging from your letter) to procure for you the situation of French governess. You would have to answer advertisements, or else advertise yourself in the principal papers for such a situation. As for salary, that depends entirely on the qualifications of the teacher and the standing of the establishment itself, but it would be low for anyone who had never filled such a situation before.

ANGELINA. (Richland, O.)—Perhaps you could not help it, but you did yourself a great wrong in falling in love with a young man almost at first sight. Upon no pretext whatever should you discover to the young man the state of your feelings, or, if you do, the chances are as a hundred to one that he will laugh at you and deride you in the eyes of other young men. Unless you can see your way clearly to the cultivating of his friendship and esteem to a perfectly legitimate way, you had better retire from his observation as quietly and as quickly as possible.

READER. (Richmond, Pa.)—The oldest intelligence we have respecting the use of the diving-bell in Europe is the relation of an exhibition at Toledo, before the Emperor Charles V. in the middle of the sixteenth century, when two divers, in the presence of several thousand persons, let themselves down in the water in a large inverted kettle, with a burning light, and came up again without being wetted. One Phillips, in the reign of Charles II., formed a project for unloading a Spanish galleon which had been sunk, and recovered property to the amount of £1,000,000.

JAMES S. (Warton, W. J.)—The word wit has many meanings in our language. In Pope's "Essay on Criticism," for example, it is used in seven different acceptations. Others define it as a combination of ideas, in the first place unexpected; in the second, ingenious; and in the third, consisting in a play upon words. The epigram is the purest representative of wit, and next to it are innuendo and irony. All the varieties of effect produced by double meanings, including puns and conundrums, if they possess the conditions of unexpectedness and ingenuity, are designated wit.

CYRENUS. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Before you attempt to write for periodicals you had better discipline your style severely, and learn to spell properly and write with clearness and grammatical accuracy at least. These young persons who have such tremendous "heart-yearnings," and whose "burning thoughts" are so vehement that they cannot be caught and harnessed into the traces of a regular or accurate style, should diet their minds thoroughly on grammar and rhetoric, until the "burning" fever of their brains is reduced to the temperature and pulse-beat of plain common sense.

ANTIQUARIAN. (Vermillion, Ind.)—Ancient Babylon was decidedly the most magnificent city the world ever witnessed. It owed its foundation, or at least its splendor, to semiramis. Large additions were subsequently made, especially by Nebuchadnezzar. Babylon was thus the work of successive ages. The magnitude assigned to it by ancient writers is so immense as to stagger belief. According to one account, the area within the walls was upwards of seventy-two square miles—more than half as large as the whole county of Philadelphia. According to another calculation it was 1[illegible] square miles, or nine times that of London. The population has been proportionately estimated at 4,000,000. The palace was eight miles in circumference.

RUSTIC. (Wake Forest, N. C.)—1. If the gentleman is a comparative stranger, it would only seem right to thank him for his courtesy. Merely say, "I am very much obliged to you for your kindness and attention." 2. No. In the case of the ice cream she should say nothing. 3. On leaving the party it is usual for the gentleman to assist the lady with her cloak if assistance be necessary. Far from being "rude," it shows he appreciates his position. 4. If asked to promenade, say nothing, but set about it at once if it so pleases you. Either "Certainly," "Of course I will," "With pleasure," might be used if nothing better suggests itself. 5. If the young man is deceived in thinking the girl cares for him, there should be no difficulty in her disabusing him. Neglect, indifference, and avoidance are all at her command, and it would be strange if the exercise of these did not bring him to his senses. Let her pay him no attention further than the necessary courtesies. 6. Your handwriting is clear and easily read. In this sense it is good.

FROST. (New Castle, Del.)—Of all parts of the body, there is not one which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet. Every person knows from experience, that colds and many other diseases which proceed from the same, are attributable to cold feet. The feet are at such a distance from "the wheel at the cistern" of the system, that the circulation of the blood may be very easily checked in them. Yet, for all this, and although every person of common sense should be aware of the truth of what we have stated, there is no part of the body so much trifled with as the feet. The young and would-be genteel footed cramp their feet into thin-soled, bone-pinching boots, in order to display neat feet, in the fashionable sense of the term. Now this is very wrong. In cold weather, boots of good thick leather, both in soles and uppers, and large enough to give free circulation of the blood to the feet, should be worn by all. They should be water-tight and warm, but not air-tight. It injures the feet to wear the air tight covering over them. India-rubber shoes or boots should not be worn except in wet and slushy weather, and then taken off as soon as the exposure to it is over. No part of the body should be allowed to have a covering that entirely obstructs the passage of the carbonic acid gas from the pores of the skin outwards, and the wholesome passage of the air inwards to the skin. Life can be destroyed in a very short time by stopping these little pores of the skin. There is one great evil against which every person should be on the guard, and it is one which is seldom guarded against. We mean the changing of warm for cold shoes or boots. A change is often made from thick to thin-soled shoes, without reflecting upon the consequences which might ensue. It is a dangerous practice, and many an individual has suffered hours of illness because of it.